The Catholic Guardian.

Publication Office, 401 and 403 Sansome Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 22, 1873.

Subscription Price, $5.00 a Year, in Advance.

SECOND EDITION.

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The Scholastic Year, which is divided into two sessions of five months each, commences in August, and closes toward the beginning of June.

TERMS,

Payable semi-annually in advance:

Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once	$15 00
Board, Lodging, Tuition, Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, Medical Attendance and Medicines, Baths, Fuel, Light per year	350 00

Modern Languages, Drawing, and Music form extra charges. For clothing, Books, Pocket-money, and the like, no advance made by the Institution.

For further particulars, apply to

REV. A. VARSI, S. J., President.

jan1-tf

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME

San Jose, California.

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

THIS INSTITUTION, WHICH IS INCORPORATED according to the laws of the State of California, and empowered to confer academical honors, commenced the Twenty-Second Annual Session on Monday, August 19th, 1872. The course of instruction embraces all the branches of a thorough education.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, to be paid but once	$15 00
Board and Tuition, per quarter	62 00
Washing, per quarter	12 00
Physicians' Fees, per quarter	2 50

Piano, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, form extra charges; but there is no extra charge for the French, Spanish or German Languages, nor for Plain Sewing and Fancy Needle-work.

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ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE,

Los Angeles, California.

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The College is open to all over the age of ten years, who are competent to enter the primary course, and who come with respectable recommendations, provided they comply with the rules and discipline of the College, which, though strict, are nevertheless mild and parental.

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The course of studies embraces a full course of English and Classical Literature, the various branches of Mathematics, Ancient and Modern Languages, and also, a Commercial Department, to prepare young men for every branch of business.

TERMS:

or Board, Lodging and Tuition, per Scholastic Year	$250 00
Washing, per Scholastic Year	30 00
Piano and use of instrument, per month	8 00
Violin, Guitar, Flute, etc., each, per month	6 00
Vacation at the College	40 00

Those who learn to play on one of the above named instruments, will have the privilege of using a brass instrument free of charge; otherwise, there will be a charge of $3 00 per month.

For further information, apply to

REV. JAMES MAGILL, C. M. President.

jan1-tf

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THIS Institution is situated in Santa Barbara, a short distance from the sea, in the most delightful and healthy part of the city. The grounds are extensive, and the building is large and convenient.

The course of instruction embraces the usual branches of a thorough English education. Spanish is also taught.

TERMS,

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Guitar, per month, $5 00	52 50

No extra charge for plain sewing, Fancy Needle-work, etc.

The Scholastic Year, of ten months and a half, commences August 16th, and terminates on the last Tuesday of June.

For further particulars, apply to

SISTERS OF CHARITY,

jan1-tf Santa Barbara, Cal

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San Francisco, California.

THIS Literary Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, was opened for the reception of students on the 15th of October, 1855. It was incorporated, according to the laws of the State, on the 30th of April, 1850, and empowered to confer academical degrees with "such literary honors as are granted by any University in the United States."

The design of the Institution is to give a thorough Classical, Mathematical and Philosophical education. But besides the Classical, there is, also, a Commercial Course.

The College is intended for day-scholars only.

The hours of class are from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M.

Punctual attendance is indispensable. In case of absence or tardiness, a note from the parents or guardians will be required.

Frequent tardiness or absence exposes the offendor to the loss of his seat.

Every Thursday of the Academic Year is a holiday.

TERMS PER MONTH, IN ADVANCE:

(No deduction is made except in case of long illness.)

Tuition, in Preparatory Department	$3 00
" in Grammar Department	5 00
" in Higher Department	8 00

EXTRA CHARGES:

For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy, and Chemicals, first year, per month	$3 00
For the use of Instruments, etc., second year, per month	5 00
For each Academical Degree	10 00

jan1-tf

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TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

Payable half-yearly in Advance:

Board, Tuition and Washing	$250 00
Entrance Fee	10 00
Physician's Fee and Medicines	5 00
Vacation at College	40 00
Day Students	60 00

Modern Languages, Music and Drawing form extra charges.

REV. BROTHER JUSTIN, President.

jan1-tf

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,

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TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

For board, lodging, tuition, washing and mending linens	$225.00
Entrance fee, to be paid only once	10.00
Vacation at College	40.00

DAY PUPILS.

Senior Class	$60.00
Junior Class	40.00

Music, vocal and instrumental, drawng, and modern languages will form extra charges. The two sessions of the scholastic year commence, respectively, on the 16th of August and the 16th of January.

All communications regarding the College to be addressed to the Secretary, REV. F. ANTHONY.

Very Rev. P. HENNEBERY,

Superior

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Benicia, California.

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The course of instruction embraces the English, French, Spanish and Latin languages, Rhetoric, Elocution, Composition, Ancient and Modern History, Biography, Mythology, Chemistry, Geography, Astronomy, and use of Globes; Vocal Music, Instrumental Music, including Piano, Guitar, and Organ; Writing, Drawing, Painting in Water Colors and in Oil; Tapestry, Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, etc.

TERMS:

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

Board and Tuition, per Scholastic Year	$225 00
Washing	45 00
Entrance Fee	10 00

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(Payable half-yearly.)

Piano and use of Instrument	$60 00
Organ " " "	50 00
Guitar " " "	50 00
Vocal Music, in Class	20 00
Private Lessons	40 00
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Painting in Oils	20 00
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Pupils of any religious denomination will be received, but, for the sake of uniformity, all are required to be present at the regular religious services of the Institution.

Pupils entering after the commencement of a term are charged for such portion of it as may remain. No deduction, however, will be made if the pupil is withdrawn during the season, except in case of sickness.

Parents may rest satisfied that every attention, consistent with the spirit of a firm but mild government, will be paid to the comfort of the young ladies placed at this Institution.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the SISTER SUPERIOR. my25-tf

FRANSICAN COLLEGE,

Santa Barbara, California.

THE Sixth Session of this Institution conducted by the FATHERS of the ORDER of ST. FRANCIS, will commence on the first Monday in August.

The object of this institution is to give a good English, Mathematical, Classical and Philosophical Education at the lowest possible cost—a want long felt in California—and thereby bring its advantages within the reach of all.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, (to be paid but once,)	$15 00
Tuition, Board and Washing, per session of ten and a half months	150 50

Music, French and German form extra charges. Those who spend their vacations at the College will be charged $30.

Payments must be made semi-annually in advance.

Parents will pay for medical attendance, and supply toilet articles, etc.

Money will not be advanced by the College; for the purchase of necessary articles, a sufficient sum must be deposited.

For further particulars, apply to

jan1-tf REV. J. J. O'KEEFE, O. S. F.

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OF THE

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TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS;

Primary, per month	$2.00
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This Academy is a Branch of the College of Notre Dame in San Jose.

THE course of instruction, which embraces the Primary as well as the Elementary and higher departments of education, comprises all the branches, both useful and ornamental, taught in the best academies for young ladies.

The second term of the Seventh Annual Session commences

Monday, January 20th, 1873.

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J. J. O'BRIEN & CO.,

606 Market Street,

One Door from Montgomery.

nov16-tf.

The Catholic Guardian.

"I BELIEVE IN ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

VOL. III. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 22, 1873. NO. 2.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A MAN recently shot and killed, in cold blood, a woman, near Watsonville; and a crowd of citizens took the criminal from the officers and hung him. We say, from the accounts published, and from the man's own statement, that the murder of the woman was most atrocious; but in what better position are those who joined the mob to take *his* life? We believe that a man has the right to defend the honor of his family, even to the shedding of blood; but there is never an excuse for mob violence. They may talk about the "virtuous indignation" of the people as much as they please; but the deliberate taking of life by any body of men, however respectable, is murder. We don't know the murdered woman or her family, nor the *murdered* man or his family; but we are prepared to pronounce it a double murder. We hope no one claiming to be a Catholic joined in this mob; because, if he is at all instructed in his religious duties, he must know that he has been guilty of murder. No Catholic can get out of the responsibility of any such action by the fact that he was assisted by a respectable crowd. "Every tub stands on its own bottom" in the Catholic Church. A crime is not lessened by being divided.

WE have alluded elsewhere to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish University Bill, which has been the cause of the late ministerial crisis in England. He found hosts of opponents where probably he least expected them, and we are not surprised to see the most influential journals taking up their cudgels against him. It is alleged that he attempted to prove too much in making out his case against the Queen's colleges. He applied to them the names of "godless colleges," and averred that, on this account, the objections of the Catholics were not unreasonable. He was not the originator of the term "godless colleges, which, in fact, emanated from Sir R. INGLIS. A Mr. HORSMAN, in a letter to the *Times*, explains that Sir R. INGLIS denounced the colleges, not so much because religion was excluded, but "because the particular religion of the State was not to be compulsorily taught." He was resolved that the Irish Catholics should not be helped to any education except Protestant education in the schools of the Established Church. Accordingly, his great accusation against the Government was that they had not made the established religion of the State the foundation of the Queen's Colleges. Sir R. INGLIS, however, was able to secure forty-five votes in the House of Commons, besides his own, so that the Queen's Colleges Act was carried by 311 to forty-six on its second reading.

THE debates in the Committee of the Italian Parliament on the bill for the abolition of the religious corporations have again revived the report that the Pope is about to leave Rome. The Roman correspondent of the *Magdeburg Gazette* says, in a letter on this subject, that the Pope will certainly remain in the Vatican so long as the Italian Government continues to do its utmost to keep him there. "The Government," he says, "considers it a great triumph to be able to prove to the world that the Roman Curia rules without the slightest impediment in its own sphere, and indeed, also to some extent, beyond it; that the Pope is only a prisoner by his own will, and that there is hardly a country on earth where his Holiness would enjoy such extensive freedom, and where the Church exercises so much power as Italy.

WE know our inclination to boast of "the finest climate in the world" is proverbial. Indeed no Californian ever yet failed to introduce the subject into his conversation, however brief it might be; but with the bright remembrance of the past few days still fresh in our mind, we can not refrain from saying one word for our climate. Let us compare it with that which the cablegrams tell us our British cousins are enjoying. During the greater part of last week, it may be said with almost literal truth, that Londoners have not seen daylight. On Wednesday, which was the day on which the darkness was most intense, it was, up to noon, impossible to dispense with gas and candles. On the south side of the Thames the darkness was excessive. The railway stations were lighted up exactly as at night. There has been no great amount of fog, and traffic has not been seriously interfered with in the streets, on the railways, or on the river. Then let us see how an atmosphere of murk, fog and darkness has affected the health statistics. The death rate rose from twenty-four to twenty-five per 1,000. The total number of deaths registered was 1,620, which very nearly corresponded with the average. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs and phthisis, which, in the ten weeks, averaged 411, have, in the three past weeks increased to 466,615, respectively. The fatal cases of bronchitis, which in the week ending Jan. 25th, were but 132, rose to 307 last week, the increase being equal to 133 per cent.

WE learn from our foreign exchanges that the Archbishop of Quebec and the Bishop of Three Rivers, accompanied by the Very Rev. Rector of the Laval University, have gone to Rome to learn the decision of the Holy See on certain questions of discipline which are under consideration in the archdiocese. The cause of disagreement is substantially as follows: It has been the intention of the Jesuits for some time past to found a Catholic University in the city of Montreal, in which they were chiefly encouraged by Mgr. Bourget, the Bishop of that city; but it appears that at the period of the establishment of the Laval University in the city of Quebec, in the early days of French rule, the then reigning Pontiff granted to the founder the exclusive right of having a Catholic University in the country. The decree by which this grant was made it is said is stil unrevoked, and the authorities of the Laval University are pressing the matter right warmly. We have not heard that the decision has yet been made known.

A FEW days ago, a party of American Catholics waited upon the Holy Father at Rome, presenting him with an address. He replied with his patriarchal benediction, at the same time adjuring them to "guard against the excessive love of riches." We are not told in the letters of the different correspondents how this advice was received by the representatives of the most money-loving of all nations; but we can imagine their utter astonishment and surprise at hearing words which must have sounded strange to their ears. The New York *World*, in commenting on this occurrence believes that the advice is worth heeding: "May we indeed make haste to be rich and still be innocent—grasp by force or indirection the fruits of labor without rendering the labor, and still find the work of our hands blessed? In the great, brawling, noisy strifes which surround us, it seems as if every-body were trying to do just that—as if men writhing in the emulative and competitive coil of business and gain were 'like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each striving to get its head above the other.' Several persons have tried it on a heroic and historic scale of late —Tritons among minnows—thieves that would have stolen the wings from Mercury's heels, or plundered the cave of Cacus. TWEED, for instance. In the first stages of his procedures he was certainly very successful. But the sequel is unhappy. The old, revenging, vulturous attorney host are rending him. He is chained to the rock of his misdeeds, like PROMETHEUS to his crag, and they are goring away at his liver. When they are done with him, his coffers will be empty, his bones bare, and his life will have pointed anew the lesson that ill-gotten wealth endures not and rascaldom has no strongbox. And those felons, little and large, who were leagued with him, who used to 'come so smug upon the mart,' whose 'equipages shone like meteors, and whose palaces rose like exaltations'—where are they? Nobody knows. Some of them are not found out—perhaps vainly hope that they won't be; others are fugitives in the earth. One hears of them now and then flitting about the Atlantides with plenty of money and no satisfactory identity; now they turn up in Spain, where, perhaps, they buy castles. Why should they not even be of those who present addresses to the Pope and receive from him the pungent and appropriate counsel which we have recited. They hasten to be rich, and now are outlaws with a mark set on them.

WE have received a letter from the publishers, at Berlin, of our premium picture, under date of February 22d, from which we translate the following extract: "We are in receipt of your order for 2,000 copies of the *Madonna Sextina*, and have immediately gone to work and made a new plate; so every impression will be perfect. We expect to be ready to ship at the beginning of March." Freight will not come as fast as the letter, and it will be several weeks yet before the pictures arrive; but they are now on the road.

WE give much space to-day to the doings on St. Patrick's Day, both at San Francisco and Sacramento. We have the promise of the oration delivered at Marysville by the Rev. Father CALLAN, and if we receive it in time it will appear in our next.

FATHER ADAM requests us to state that the Very Rev. J. MCGILL, C. M., will open a Mission at Santa Cruz on the 6th of April—Palm Sunday—which will continue until after Easter.

IRISH EDUCATION.

THERE have been so many opinions, favorable and otherwise, expressed by the Irish and English journals relative to the famous Irish University Bill, just defeated, that we, who are so far removed from the seat of the debate, almost fear to hazard an opinion concerning it. That Mr. GLADSTONE was sincere in his views, that the Bill would work to the advantage of the Irish young men, who have, for so long, been almost excluded from the benefits of an university education, we can not doubt; and yet we hear that the opposition to the passage of the Bill came not alone from the adherents to the old system, but was fostered by not a few of the Catholic party. Although the main features of the Bill have been known to the reading public, we believe that a brief summary may not be superfluous to the better understanding of our article.

The object of the bill was to effect a reform in the higher education of Ireland, like that which has been effected in Politico-Ecclesiastical relations of which, indeed, the Bill is the legitimate result. It proposed to make Trinity College, Dublin, which has hitherto been the virtual university, merely of one element, and not, as heretofore, controlling, by its Church of England sectarianism, the higher education of Ireland. Trinity has been able, thus far, to exclude Catholics, unwilling to submit to its teachings, from the acquirement of university honors and degrees. Emancipated from this control, the new institution, with a governing body from any representation of creeds or of ecclesiastical influence, was to afford equal advantages to all denominations. The best feature of the plan, in the opinion of the *London Spectator*, was, that it would open, to every learned Irishman, the chance of training, for the new University of Dublin, pupils who may earn, in great part, the cost of their own instruction, if they can gain one of the proposed hundred bursaries of £25 a year. The Bill provided that there should no longer be any religious bias in any thing. The Professors were to be prevented from teaching not only theology, art, history or philosophy. There were taken no examinations in these branches, and we can not well conceive how the projector of the scheme proposed to remedy what he must have acknowledged to be a glaring defect in his system. The new university was to have, for its Chancellor, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Vice-Chancelor to be elected by the governing body, to consist of a council of twenty-eight persons, who were to be elected first by nomination in the act, and by the Crown, and, subsequently, by the Crown and by the council itself.

Of course, upon this point there was sure to arise discussion, and this one clause may have done more than any thing else to defeat the bill. If it could have been so arranged that no ecclesiastical personage should be included in the composition of the council, there were those who expressed their belief that all would be well; but it was shown that this could not be the case, and the question of the ultimate supremacy of the holders of one or the other doctrine was then broached. At the end of the first ten years they asked, how will be the status of the University? Will it be at the end of that time substantially a Roman Catholic or a Protestant Institution? This was the point on which the warmest discussion was had. It was contended that too much power

was reserved to the University in their being allowed to elect the professors and examiners, and that the plan, unless impartially managed, would tend to erect a Protestant supremacy in the University. These were the main points of the bill, and the principal arguments for and against. Although, as we have already remarked, we may be rash in hazarding an opinion relative to the merits or demerits of the bill, yet we will confess that we are unable to understand the intense opposition manifested by the Catholic members against it. The cable telegrams tell us that they were unanimously opposed to it, and furthermore, that on the night of its defeats the students of Trinity went so far, in the excitement of the moment, as to burn GLADSTONE in effigy. It seems to us, that having waited so long — been for so many years debarred from the privileges of University education, the Irish Catholic members might, at least, by less violent conduct, have acknowledged the concession which a large party of English Protestants were willing to make them. Be it remembered, this is an opinion of our own, which we shall entertain only so long as we are cognizant of no other facts than that which have been so meagerly furnished us by the cable. We gather hope, however, from the proceedings in the matter, and on this account we can not believe that the Catholic members would reject such concessions as were evidently offered, had they not entertained a confidence in being able to effect greater benefits for themselves at no far-distant day.

F.

VALEDICTORY.

SAILING over the treacherous, but fascinating sea of journalism, I chanced to spy a goodly craft drifting rapidly toward the breakers. Adverse winds filled her sails; and the many, who should have felt an interest in a ship capable of carrying such precious freight, stood aloof, and offered no helping hand. Six stout hearts, with myself, manned the life-boat to go to her aid. I took the helm, and have done all in my power to place her

"On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,"

and I think she is now safe for a long and a prosperous voyage. I would like to continue the voyage with her until "called to the other shore," but the little craft I left to board the stately vessel misses her captain, and the call for his return is imperative.

As it is always painful for the captain to part with his ship, his officers and crew, so it is with the editor, who feels more than one pang of regret as he pens his "last words," and severs the bond of sympathy which always exists between his readers and himself. Most pleasant has been my connection with the GUARDIAN, and the time and money I have spent in the enterprise will never cause one moment of regret if the Catholics of this coast will only now take hold and sustain it as it should be. Let them remember that the gentlemen who are acting as the Trustees of the Company never expect to make a dollar out of the enterprise; and, if it shall not be maintained, they, too, will be heavy losers, not ouly in time but in money. I feel that I am deserting these generous gentlemen; but, as I leave, I call earnestly upon each and every Catholic on the coast to come forward and lend them a helping hand. We all desire to live and work for the benefit of our children, and all will agree with me that it is better to leave them in the absolute possession of the Christian faith than give them the wealth of CRŒSUS. In order to be certain of this, we must not only see to it that *our own* children are taught to listen to the voice of the Church, but there must be a universal Christianity. This can not be until the Church papers obtain such a hold upon the affections of the people as will supplant the infidel and violent anti-Catholic papers to be found in almost every Catholic household, while their own papers are left to struggle along in poverty.

The enterprise is now self-sustaining. Although it has cost me some three thousand dollars in coin, and seven months hard labor, if one-fourth the Catholics of this Coast will begin with me now even and do as much for it as I shall do in the *future*, we will have a grand newspaper, with an influence which shall extend over this entire nation. I am now disinterested in my call for your assistance. Let us not be satisfied with having a paper that barely ekes out an existence, but let us enable it to employ correspondents in all parts of the world — let us enable it to employ the best talent in America, and pay the best prices therefor. Let not its contents be the labor of one man, worried by a thousand business cares, as has been pretty much the case heretofore. Let us all put our souls into it for a time and see what it will make.

I cannot consent to lay down the pen without first expressing my gratitude to my own much loved Bishop of Marysville, to whose diocese I belong, for the many cheering words he has given me. The knowledge that I had gained the approbation of one so learned and so good—of the man I esteem first above all men, would reconcile me to any mere pecuniary loss I might have sustained.

I know, too, I shall miss the welcome pages of many of my Catholic exchanges; but, if it would not be asking too much, I would request the favor of an exchange with the Colusa *Sun*, a red-hot political paper, which has carried aloft the Democratic banner, with my own name inscribed upon it, for the last ten years.

W. S. GREEN.

WHICH IS THE BIBLE?

UNEDUCATED people, who believe all they have to do is to read and obey the *Bible*, might often be puzzled to know where to find that book. For instance, the old original Catholic Bible says:

And the Lord said to him as he was returning into Egypt: See that thou do all the wonders before Pharao which I have put in thy hand. I *shall* harden his heart, and he *will* not let the people go.—EXODUS iv: 21.

The *Bible* prepared to please King James, reads as follows:

And the Lord said unto Moses: When thou goest to return into Egypt, see that thou do all those wonders before Pharaoh which I have put in thine hand; but I *will* harden his heart, and he *shall* not let the people go.

Now, there was not much possibility of free-will for "Pharaoh." In the one version there was a prophecy — the LORD foresaw that PHARAOH would not let the people go; in the other, HE said it would not be in his power to let them go. But again we read in the *old* book:

But I *shall* harden his heart, and shall multiply my signs and wonders in the land of Egypt. And he *will* not hear you, etc. *Ibid. vii*: 3.

In the other we read:

And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and multiply my signs and my wonders in the land of Egypt. But Pharoah *shall* not hearken unto you, etc.

These quotations could be multiplied, showing, even if there were no divine inspiration in the matter, that the Catholic Bible recognizes free-will, while the other as certainly points to fatalism. In fact, we can not see how one following the Protestant Bible could be other than a fatalist, or a disbeliever in the free-will of man. But the principal point we desire to urge is, that the man unlearned in the dead languages can not possibly tell when he is reading the Bible if he does not believe that an infallible Church or an infallible man or an infallible something hands it to him. We believe in our Bible, not because we found it on the shelf of some book-store, with the word "Bible" printed in gilt on the back, but because we believe it was handed to us by an infallible Church established by an infallible Founder. But there are many things even in the book thus handed to us that we would not like to risk our salvation on interpreting rightly; and here, again, we have recourse to the same infallible authority. Were we a believer in Christianity, and not a Catholic, we should be a very unhappy creature. To be forced to take the translation of TOM DICK, and old NICK knows who, and from it figure out a creed for ourselves, would be regarded as a very hard task; one, in fact, that the Creator would not require of any man.

LIBERTY RESIDES IN THE COUNTRY!

ABOUT 70,000 of the population of San Francisco are Irish. 20,000 too many! 5,000 Irishmen, with their wives and families, now in the city, ought to be in the country, lords of the soil in the beautiful soil of California.

In Ireland, a man in possession of ten good acres believes he is rich, and so he is a rich man, because he believes it. In California, men believe they are rich if they can live in San Francisco and get two dollars a day, three days in the week all the year round. The day-laborers in the city lead hard lives; I have been residing for some time in the suburbs, and have observed these men in the early morning, running in the rain to catch the Folsom, Mission, or Howard Street cars. In the evening they have to return; rain may be falling or a cold wind blowing; a glass of beer or whiskey at the next grocery store is taken to keep out the cold, and they arrive at home in wet clothes. They pay for rent, five dollars a month; car hire, three; for beer or whiskey, "to keep out the cold," three dollars *at least*; eleven dollars a month, to which we must add the expense of meeting friends at the bar now and then; they may be fairly estimated at four dollars a month. There are fifteen dollars a month taxation, which the man living on his own little farm in the country escapes; and he escapes the bad habit of tasting cock-tails, eye-openers and "bitters." A prudent man, settled down on his own farm, near a good spring-well in the country, is not compelled to be up to time, like a clock; he can stay within while the rain is falling, and when the shower is past, he can make good the loss of time by a little exertion, and he is always *his own master*. I have been all over the great Republic, and I feel convinced that Liberty resides in the country.

The great objection to country life is want of capital, so they say. But I believe the attraction of city life is the true cause of the cowardice that causes a surplus population in American cities, and I fear it is assuming the shape of disease, and that the portion of it that may be called Irish, is incurable. The other day I was sitting on a log, by the San Bruno road. A peddler of fish halted his wagon and asked me for a match. "You're an Irishman," said he. "A good guess," said I. "How did you discover that?" "Oh," said he, "if you wer'nt an Irishman you would'nt stand up to give me a match." The dialogue may amuse your readers.

Stranger—"And what part of the old country are you from?"

Fisherman—"*Forriager*, I'm from all parts of the ould sod."

Stranger—"Now I'm sure you're Irish."

Fisherman—"How did you discover that?"

Stranger—"The wit!"

Fisherman—"We bate the world at that."

Stranger—"There are 70,000 of us here—entirely too many. Liberty resides in the country—modesty blushes in the crowd—slavery remains in the city. We were never intended for city life."

Fisherman—"You're a bully good spaker, but there is not too many of us any-where, except in Heaven, I hope. Now I tell you it is an awful thing to be buried alive in the wilderness."

Stranger—"In a snug cottage, beside a spring-well, a cellar full of dry potatoes, a pair of cows and fifty chickens?"

Fisherman—"That's bully good talk, an' its the rale truth. Any man worth a straw could have that in a year. But this is a grand city. You're a stranger fresh from the ould country?"

Stranger—"Yes."

Fisherman—"Arrah sure I knew it. I'm here fifteen years—the finest city and the finest people on the face of the earth. If I were invited to Heaven this month, I declare I would not like to leave San Francisco for another while. I declare I would'nt, God forgive me, I'm not prepared any way to go. But see here—the farm and the well, the cows, the eggs and potatoes are good things, but I'll die in San Francisco and be buried in the Lone Mountain." *Bannach Cath.*

There was no use in trying to prove to this man that the masters of the world are the owners of land—that peace, plenty and liberty reside in the country—that the city is full of temptation—that all American cities have surplus populations, and that strangers are coming to take possession of the beautiful valleys we are losing for want of courage. Some people say the valleys are locked up by land jobbers. If this is so, the representatives of the people should break the locks by legislation. Taxation is a hammer that may be used with good effect for that purpose. Nothing surprises me more than the quantity of unoccupied land in this magnificent State of California.

STRANGER.

A CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

BY CLOUDLET.

SHE is tall, and of an elegant figure; her eyes and hair extremely dark, her complexion exquisitely fair. Gravity and serenity pervade her beautiful lineaments, and lend to them an elevated and graceful expression. She might sit for the portrait of the ideal muse, Polyhymnia, who was represented as presiding over singing and rhetoric. The advantages that wealth and a high social position have conferred on her have not been wasted. The purifying influences of the Catholic religion, which has been her inheritance from birth, has given such culture to her heart as to exclude from her demeanor all ostentation, haughtiness, or consciousness of superiority, and also all fawning servility. She stands erect in her womanhood, and thinks not of contending with society or individuals for that which she possesses from the hand of God, and which, without Him, no man or set of men could confer. The truth makes her enjoy her inalienable rights in freedom.

I have presented this heroine to you in her maturity, when she is the pride of her father's house — when the most distinguished persons honor her with their friendship. Why is this Catholic maiden made thus conspicuous? To answer this question, I will return to her childhood, and trace the path that led to a great renown, not alone in the land of her birth, but in many countries.

Maria Gœtana Aguesi is the name of our Christian heroine; for such I deem her worthy to be called. Although she may not be claimed as a star of the first magnitude, adorning the heavens of the Church, since she is not numbered among the canonized saints, nevertheless, she is not an evanescent meteor, destined to leave behind her no memorial; and perhaps the peculiar ray of light that her memory sheds is, in our time, calculated to attract, from many of her own sex, a more appreciative recognition than those higher stars of greater magnitude whose brilliancy is partly lost when seen through the haze that false philosophy has created.

Maria was born at Milan, in 1718. She very early manifested a great love of study, and we hear nothing of parental tenderness stepping in, with timorous regard for physical health, to turn her attention from this noble inclination — instead, she was encouraged to do her utmost. At her own request, she was permitted to share her brother's Latin studies; and so decided was her improvement of these advantages, that, when only nine years of age, she composed a Latin discourse, which was deemed worthy of publication. The subject she had selected for her effort was one in favor of woman. Did not her innocent soul already feel how her sex was being degraded by the spread of false ideas? Did she not almost instinctively perceive how the re-form of Christian society had hurled woman from the throne secured to her by those who delighted to honor the mother of Jesus, and accept her for their mother also? A Latin discourse in favor of woman, composed by a girl of nine years, would surprise most of us, even in this age—the *ultima thule* of intellectual progress (?) Maria commenced the study of Greek when eleven years old, and in time became so proficient as to read and speak it with ease. She afterward studied Hebrew, and mastered almost every modern language.

Let us pause to contrast the occupation of this Catho-

lic child of the eighteenth century with that of our girls in this present age, which boasts so vainly of its intellectual superiority. I would like to think well of our country, of our age, and especially of our girls. I would love to think them quite equal to the girls of any age or clime, in morals and mental capacity, and in the training they have received. Perhaps I am deceived, and do injustice to the times; but pray tell me, Catholic girls, you who have been born within the invigorating atmosphere of dogmatic truth, in what were you engaged at nine and eleven years of age? How many of you were roused to ambition, by your teachers or parents, to overcome the difficulties in your way, and master your studies, and thus procure for your future years weapons to be used in the cause of God?—the cause of God, who had been so good to you from your very infancy as to make His truths your own inheritance. Were you compelled to give your undivided attention to intellectual pursuits long enough to force your perverse and wayward nature at length to love to study?—or were you constantly hearing words of sympathy expressed for your delicate constitution and large brain till you thought yourself a wonderful precocious child? Did you not thinkt that every little fatigue should entitle you to liberation from school resitations and grant you permission to enjoy a promenade, or to finish some trashy novel? I hope this is by no means the experience of our girls. I hope that many of them may compare favorably with Maria Aguesi, and in the end prove as noble and worthy of our admiration. I hope that they are filled with a noble enthusiasm—that their chosen banner bears the "strange device, Excelsior." But this lengthy digression, in a short biographical sketch, violates all good usage; still, to tell the truth, I want my readers, if I have any, to take some of the lessons taught by this example, brought from a past age, simply as a mirror in which to see ourselves—that we may not be deceived, while so many are lamenting, even in the daily papers, that our children are being over-tasked with mental labor.

We will return to Maria, in her thirteenth year, and we shall find her engaged in translating the Latin Supplements added by Frienshemius to the *History of Quintus Curtius* into Italian, French, German and Greek. During her fourteenth year, she translates the *Spiritual Combat* from Italian into Greek, and turns her attention to natural philosophy and *Euclid's Elements of Geometry* I do not believe she found much time to think of new fashions, or sigh over nobles or theatrical displays; and what is more, I do not believe their attractions would have possessed much power over her, even if she had found time—not that she was incapable of enjoying such pleasures, but her wise parents had assisted her to form healthier tastes.

When she had attained her eighteenth year, her mother died, and she began to think more seriously than heretofore on the end of the creation—but still pursued her passion for knowledge. Two years after, in 1738, she published one hundred and ninety-one thesis, which she had maintained in the presence of the most distinguished persons of Milan. Her father, who had always encouraged her in her studies, directed them toward mathematics, and about this period she commented on a celebrated work on *Coma Sections*, and afterward published her *Analytical Institutions*. This last work she dedicated to Maria Theresa, who thanked and congratulated her and sent her a valuable ring, and a casket adorned with precious jewels as a token of her esteem. To produce this work she had devoted ten years of unwearied labor and close study, and it was received with marked approbation by her countrymen, and became the means of attracting a greater attention to the study of algebra than had hitherto been bestowed on it in Italy. She was received as a member of the Institute of Bologna, and the great and learned Pope Benedict Fourteenth named her honorary reader to the University of the same city, and gave her the mathematical chair. Her analytical Institution were translated by an eminent gentleman of Cambridge, into English; it was also translated into French, and Fontenelle, in the name of the French Academy, proclaimed it the best work yet written on the subject.

Maria was the favorite child of her father, and the guide and instructress, after her mother's death, of his large family, which, by subsequent marriages, reached the number of twenty-three sons and daughters; and her renown made his house the resort of the most distinguished persons of that age.

Here we find her rich, handsome, useful, honored and celebrated; but was her exalted spirit satisfied? No, far from it! There was still a cry in her heart that could not be hushed by honor or by wealth, by beauty or intellectual achievements. Was it not a cry to be alone—alone with God? To hear His voice and understand His language? To love and labor for Him! in whom all science, all language is complete? Was it not this cry of her soul that forced her, amid all that the world treasures, to stun the heart of the doting parent with the announcement that her vocation called her to the cloister? Poor father! Could it be that God wished him to give up his pride—the very light of his household? Poor suffering Christ! how often Thou art compelled to yield Thy claims by the impetuosity of human love! The father's pleadings brought about a compromise, for, like the gifted Helena Cornaro, in the previous century, Maria's dutifulness made her yield to his entreaties, and she agreed to remain in his house if he would dispense her from mingling in society, and allow her to live in perfect seclusion. He gladly acceded to these stipulations, and she proved the consolation of his last years; for in her thirty-fourth year God called *him* from earth to that eternal cloister where the world may not enter, and this time he did not permit human affection to interfere and make compromises.

If there had been a time when Maria's vocation drew her to the cloister—when God said to her: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget, also, thine own people and thy father's house, and so shall the King desire thy beauty"—the vocation to a contemplative life seemed withdrawn after the obstacle was removed, as she did not change her course after her father's death—except to give up entirely the pursuit of science. Her studies had served a good purpose. They had elevated her—elevated her soul to God; and she had discovered a deeper, purer fountain from which she longed to sip—to drink—to slake her thirst. Her studies had prepared her to appreciate the *Fathers of the Church*, and she turned with zest to this treasury of most ennobling science, and drank so deep that an eminent archbishop, when he had to pronounce on the orthodoxy of a certain work, did not hesitate to place it in her hands for examination, and to decide the question in accordance with her judgment.

Yet, notwithstanding her constant mental labor, Maria found time to visit the sick of the parish, and also of the great hospital of the city; and, not content with this, she set apart certain retired apartments in her own house, and gathered infirm women into them, taking them under her special care. After consecrating her whole income to this work of charity, and finding it insufficient to satisfy the love of her noble soul, she disposed of her most valuable possessions, among which she included the elegant gift of Maria Theresa; and by this means was enabled to double the number of beds in her private hospital. But soon these, also, were filled—for the poor are the heritage bequeathed to the Church to draw forth before the world the beautiful forms of her boundless charity, folded away in the testator's infinite and loving heart—and Maria's wits were called upon again by love to devise ways and means for the accommodation of a still greater number. She succeeded in opening a larger house, and devoted herself to the care of those afflicted with the most loathsome diseases.

Our Lord must have delighted to see her thus engaged, for He was ever opening new methods of extending her labor. In 1771 an Italian prince founded in Milan a large hospital for both sexes, and the same archbishop who had, on a former occasion, required her to examine a book containing points of doubtful orthodoxy, now requested her to undertake the arduous office of governing the female department of the new and extensive hospital. She accepted, and took up her residence henceforth within its walls, and curtailed her expenses by every means possible in order to assist its inmates from her private resources. Here the last fifteen years of her earth-life were spent. She died in 1799, aged eighty-one years. Maria was not brought to an untimely grave by the mental application of her infancy and youth, and it might be a question of considerable interest for our debating societies to inquire whether the activity of the spirit in the fields of truth does not sustain the physical structure in the region of health, and conduce to longevity.

O, how sublime is the impression made upon the soul of the convert to Catholicity, as the dark clouds of ignorance and error are dispersed, and the magnificent firmament—the celestial arch of the Church—studded with an immense number of stars of various magnitudes, each emitting its own peculiar ray to cheer the traveler, and guide him along his path, is discovered surrounding her with its protecting vault, and holding her compass pointing unerringly to its polar star! Ah! how sad is the fate of him who dwells beneath a starless sky! Bright saints shine on, amid the lesser stars! You will not blame us if, even from the nebulosity of the milky-way, that galaxy of stars, not made clearly distinguishable to the eye of faith by the power of the Church, whose voice is unerring, we gather some rays to thrill our hearts, and teach us that the labor of love is all noble and holy, and that the brightness of the star is determined by the polish it is capable of receiving amid the trials of earth.

As astronomers from time to time discover new wonders in the material expanse above our heads by the use of new and powerful instruments, so will the earnest child of the Church, by the study of the almost inexhaustible treasures of history, find in the spiritual heavens the most ravishing and delightful mysteries of light and life and love.

THE NYMPHS OF TEMPERANCE.

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

I DREAMED that I stood alone in a beautiful woodland, or rather garden, adorned with trees and shrubs, and flowers of every variety and shade of coloring. Above, was the blue sky arching as back-ground to soft waves of summer-clouds, and the infinity of pure air surrounding me imbued my soul with unspeakble joy. Rills glanced gaily at my feet, and fountains sparkled in the wealth of sunlight; but a strange intelligence pervaded the inanimate scene, adding a sublime mystery to its beauty, rendering my admiration thoughtful in its wonder.

And now I was no longer alone; a gentle breath upon my brow, a thrilling touch upon my shoulder, and I *felt* the presence of the divinity presiding over the place.

"O, beautiful spirit," said I; "from whence comes so much loveliness to our fallen earth? I behold within, want nor wretchedness—all is light, and health, and happiness. Is this but enchanted land, or is it really the home of mortals like myself? I have wept full many an hour, for all is desolate below; I see flowers fade before they taste the dew, or feel the kiss of sunbeams; buds of promise are blasted ere their leaves unfold; fruits fall before ripening, for the worm is at their heart; frost chills the warm cheek of summer, and poison mingles with every cup of joy. Tell me, blest spirit, was it never thus in this sweet spot?"

"Listen to me, mortal," said the divinity in reply. Time was when reptiles trailed their slime along these sylvan glades. Time was when even here the deadly asp lurked amid the clusters of purple grasses, and when serpents, with tongues of fire, and fangs of subtle poison, creeped where the rarest fruit was stored, and coiled around the slender stem of the golden grain, for these were made the minions of intemperance. But look to the left, mortal! What see'st thou?"

I turned my eyes from the mournful face of the divinity, to look, once more, upon the brilliant see of verdure around me, and my heart saddened with a weight of sorrow which bowed my spirit to the dust, for I saw marks of fire upon full many a flower, and beheld flowers creeping stealthily, like serpents, amid the branches of the sturdy trees. The voice of the bird was hushed, the sky was overcast with storm-clouds, and my guide had departed.

There above, with desolation gathering fiercely around me, I wrung my hands in agony, and cried most bitter tears, for a dark fear was upon me. Close by my side was a full-blown rose; but a moment since I had seen it smiling in all the purity of its fresh, young life; now, it drooped with calyx blackened, and its heart, so full of holy fragrance, slowly burned to ashes, while I gazed. I saw it wither and fall upon the green earth at my feet, while a moan burst forth from the flowers at the untimely end of one so peerless. Anon I heard a strong rushing of leaves and branches, a loud crash, and lo! at my feet lay one of those proud trees I had so lately admired, towering heavenward in stately grandeur.

Now, a wild wind swept past. The bough of every remaining tree trembled, and swayed to and fro, as in a storm; and amid the wail of the blast I heard the cry—

"How are the mighty fallen!"

"How are the mighty fallen!" rang in echoing response from the tempestuous sky, and the waves of every stream took up this cry of lamentation.

Alarmed, and scarcely knowing where I stood, so mysterious, yet appalling, seemed those voices in this bitter wail, I turned, hoping my guide would come to me, and, with her angel presence, calm my terror; but she came not, and still the flowers were burning, withering, and dying all around me. Still the strong trees bowed their heads, falling to the earth, their trunks blackened by fire—fire that had long been kindling insidiously within.

But I must not remain here longer. Storms and night, and flame, are fast surrounding me, and I must fly or perish; yes, fly, and leave the beautiful garden to its fate.

At this thought the tears flowed forth afresh, as though loved friends were falling amid its ruins; but tears, though for ever flowing, could not quench the fires.

Now, I seemed rousing from my troubled sleep, and I said in my heart: "This is but a dream; when the morning dawns, I shall smile at the childish sentiment that wept for wasted flowers, and mourned for fallen trees. Trees are falling, and flowers withering every day; why should I grieve for these? "*Trees are falling and flowers withering every day,*" repeated a voice, close by me. "*Strong men are cut down in their pride, and fair women droop in their loveliness, and thou canst but grieve for these.* Weep on, child of Earth—even thus weep I—even thus weep the angels."

Now the speaker stood before me, clothed with fair robes of heavenly purity. "And why should I weep? why weepest thou? why weep the angels?" I eagerly inquired, as her kind glance assured my confidence.

"I will tell thee, mortal; we weep for the fallen of earth, those who have gone to the drunkard's ignomin-

ious grave ; but it is meet that we labor for the living—those for whom we may still longer hope.

I am the Angel of Mercy ; often I sooth the bleeding spirit of the drunkard's wife, with promises of joy that may yet be hers, even upon the earth, so dark and cheerless to her weary sight ; but a fiend stands always ready to intercept every ray of hope that would rest upon her desolate heart. Then I whisper to her of a life beyond *this life*, where all is bright, and beautiful, and true ; and many a wronged and gentle soul, hardened with the too great sorrow of this bitter world, has blest me when I have given her rest in the cold arms of death.

Often I see the demon of Intemperance steal close to the heart of unsuspecting youth, to drain the fountain of joy and hope and love of all its heaven-inherited wealth. Yet the youth dreams not that a foe is near, but rather thinks himself caressed by the joyous spirit of pleasure. Secure he quaffs the red wine ; then the bright eye grows dim, the firm, elastic step falters, and while my arm is still outstretched to save, that warm, young heart lies mangled and quivering at the vile vampire's feet. Then stealthily onward creeps the demon, and where his slime is trailed, manhood, in its prime, and old age, in its last precious hours of probatition, reels, totters and sinks, dishonored and dispised, into the inebriate's unhallowed grave. When I bend earthward with my soul prayerfully yearning to rescue, I find those hearts who could arrest the demon's blighting progress hard and cold as the relentless ice whose chill embrace binds the Arctic seas in eternal winter, so I lift my eyes heavenward, and weep. Mortal, shall not tears yet melt those icy hearts, and quench the fires of intemperance ?

"O Angel of Mercy !" cried a voice that rang hopefully on the air, "hast thou no work for me to perform ? This spot, when first I beheld it, was a paradise ; but now I see desolation usurping the reign of verdure, fire lapping the fresh blood of the flowers, and fearful darkness hovering over the beautiful garden ; but all is not lost, for through the heap of blackened ruins green tendrils and tender branches of fresh foliage are still visible, reaching supplicantly to Heaven.

Angel of Mercy ! haste thou with me to destroy those serpents whose tongues are flame, and fangs deadly poison ; whose breath sets fire to every holy thing. Haste with me, nor linger with the vain hope of melting those frozen hearts.—*Death to reptiles, and intemperance shall die.*"

At the clear sound of this voice, one prolonged and angry hiss arose from the loathsome dens of slime, and serpents infecting the garden, and men, with leaden eyeballs, hearts of adamant, and forms of steal, coldly strode among the flowers, exclaiming, "Do n't legislate away your liberty, my jewels ; just *coax* the serpents to be quiet in their dens ; *this is the wiser policy !* Then, when you choose, you can call them forth at leisure, that they may wind their glossy folds about you, to cool when the sun scorches, and warm, with the glow of their pleasant breath, when the frost comes upon you. Come, my charmers, do n't harbor this angel of prohibition, she will work you mischief ! Didst hear ? She would kill our pretty, harmless reptiles—banish them *forever* from this garden, and thus debar us from a *time-honored amusement !*"

"Yes," I interrupted, impatient of this harangue, "and at once destroy the 'last lone scions' of a race cursed from the beginning as the worlds greatest enemies." And down I ran to the verge of a rivulet, catching up a handful of spray to extinguish the flames upon the nearest rose-bud. Now, I heard a ringing burst of joy, and lo ! it proceeded from a broad, bright bed of water lilies gemming the stream close to the grassy bank, and the divinity of the garden was once more at my side.

"Haste, my children, haste!" said she ; "let your foreheads be gemmed with water-drops, and innocence mark the path whereon you tread. Let no spot tarnish the holy purity of your lives ; but be ever true to the trust reposed in you. Now haste ye, to soothe, with the fresh love of your unblemished spirits, your sisters who droop in dispair !"

Now the flowers and trees of the garden were as men and woman walking in the gloom ; and anon the white cheeks of the water lilies rounded into the soft proportions of human loveliness, till each was resolved into a transcendent angel—a holy nymph of temperance.

"Ah," said I to the Angel of Mercy, who now floated like a fairy mist above the brilliant figures of the transformed lilies, "is not she who roused us all to action the Angel of Prohibition ?"

"Verily, it is she," returned the spirit, a calm smile irradiating her face—"even the Angel of Prohibition ; and Heaven be praised that she heard my voice, and beheld the tears we shed, for now the fire will be stayed, and the serpents destroyed."

Waves of pearly light and vapory wreaths of roses were gently gathering, as clouds do sometimes gather, in the atmosphere above our heads, and a halo of sunbeams rested lovingly upon the brow of the glorious Angel of Prohibition, who, with hand clasped in that of the Angel of Mercy, hovered like a heavenly guardian around the white-robed nymphs of temperance, as they passed through the garden in their administration of love, reviving the parched air with the freshness of their presence. The spot was fast resuming its original beauty and verdure, till at length no mark of the recent desolation was visible.

"This," said the good genius, standing at my side, "is earth, beneath the reign of Liquor Prohibition ; understandest thou the significance of this vision ?"

Before I could reply, I felt my senses gradually awaking ; but while my dream was fading, the angel seemed slowly ascending heavenward. Now above the distant hill, then close to the broad, gray lines of vapor that stretched along the horizon ; now higher, still higher—rising for a moment on a dark cloud, whose gilded border already heralded the dawn, till at length she mounted swiftly upward and was lost in the embrace of the morning star.

Now, I was thoroughly aroused ; and had I been dreaming ? In truth, the morning star gleamed clear and bright through the window, in the very spot where the angel had vanished.

"Ah," thought I, "the Angel of Liquor Prohibition may, indeed, be the morning star of our hope—the herald of a brighter future to humanity ; and I shall rejoice to labor till the noontide is passed, under the guardianship of so blessed an angel."

[*For the Catholic Guardian.*]

SURSUM CORDA.

Lift thy heart, O sordid schemer !
Lift thy heart, thou idle dreamer !
Turn from worldly plans perplexing,
Turn from visions vain and vexing,
Leave the fast corroding treasures,
Leave the false and fleeting pleasures—
From the world's delusive glitter,
And its Dead Sea fruitage bitter,
From its pageant-phantoms gliding,
From its glories ne'er abiding,
Shifting scene and baseless vision,
False mirage of joys Elysian—
Sursum Corda.

From its wide, discordant voices,
Grief that wails while mirth rejoices,
Festal songs with dirges blending,
Glees, in mournful cadence ending,
Jarring notes, that, born in sweetness,
Die in harshest incompleteness—
From the silv'ry tones that call thee,
From the strains that would enthrall thee,
Trumpet blast of fame and glory—
Vain ambition's mocking story,
Syren song that sweetly urgeth
Where destruction's torrent surgeth—
Sursum Corda.

Upward to the stores that fail not—
Upward to the dreams that pale not,
Sacred schemes, sweet rest bestowing—
Dreams with Heaven's own brightness glowing,
Earnest toil for fadeless treasures—
Blissful search for purest pleasures—
Thought sublime, and aim supernal,
Hero-strife for fame eternal—
Turn to these thy life's endeavor—
Look not downward—linger never—
E'en beyond the shining portal,
Upward to the joys immortal—
Sursum Corda.

List the echo, softly ringing
Of the far-off seraph singing—
Bid those wondrous tones be clearer—
Up ! that thou may'st listen nearer—
For no minor wail of sadness
Mars that choral strain of gladness—
In its notes no discord blending,
Checks the tale of bliss unending—
To that song of deathless sweetness,
Rife with full and glad completeness,
To that pean tone of glory,
Fame's eternal triumph-story—
Sursum Corda.

SAN FRANCISCO. MARIE.

SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

PROTESTANT associations are getting to be quite strong in this country, and, as they begin to feel their growing strength, they are becoming clamorous for the exclusion of "Popery." Commenting on the action of some of these extremists, the Western *Watchman* says :

Banished ! Banished from this free Christian land ! Banished from every foot of ground over which wave the stars and stripes ! Banished from a nation which now at last has courage to proclaim itself Protestant ! Henceforth, we are to have a recognized religion, and have and recognize a God. By an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, proposed by a national convention in New York, and signed by hundreds of Christian representatives, in behalf of all the true Christians of the land, we are to have broad Protestantism as the religion of State, to the eternal exclusion and reprobation of "Judaism, Infidelity, Atheism and Popery." Mr. McClurg, formerly Governor of this State, is one of the signers to the startling pronouncement. The matter is to be presented to Congress next session, and its adoption urged. If that body consider the question favorably, the amendment will be submitted to the legislatures of the States, and if three-fourths of them vote in its favor, the amendment will become a part of the organic law of the country. The matter has been in agitation a very long time, and the ultimate success of the movement is any thing but impossible. The Presbyterians have striven almost since the foundation of the Government to gain some constitutional recognition, and, through it, State supremacy. The Methodists are now the strongest, numerically, and their numbers encourage them to the same experiment. By a combined movement they may achieve some general recognition of Protestantism, and thereby succeed in inaugurating here legislation inimical to the Church.

Truth to say, we care very little whether Protestantism is proclaimed the religion of the country or not. We know that such recognition would entail the necessity of the State's building and supporting Protestant churches. But we would about as soon support and build churches which we will not go to, in which, however, some sort of religious hash is served, as to build and sustain school-houses to which we will not send our children, and into which no mention or thought of God is allowed to enter.

But it is a fact that, while Protestants are organizing and unblushingry publishing to the world their purpose of gaining atate supremacy over all religious adversaries, they keep up the clamor that Catholics are striving for political sway, and, when warranted by numbers, will establish the Church of Rome as a national Church. The bare possibility of Catholic supremacy in this country is horrible to contemplate. Even-tempered, easy-minded Protestants are admonished that they are not half enough afraid ; that they must fear and tremble as about a jeopardy which involves religious liberty, public morality, and even national existence. The contrast between their conduct and ours is rather striking, especially when we remember that the crown to which they accuse us of aspiring may at no very distant day be placed on their head. We can assure our weak-kneed neighbors that we care very little whether they obtain their ends or not. We think that so long as divorce laws are in existence in every State in the Union, the country is Protestant in fact, if not in name. We do not know what more in the way of recognition our Protestant brethren could expect of the laws, than their adoption of all the loose principles upon the subject of marriage, which in all lands gave birth to Protestantism in the beginning. One good thing might result from this State recognition of Protestantism ; it might provide for the education of ministers. We can never expect to convert the Protestants of this land, so long as their preachers are the illiterate men they are. The cause of much of the progress of Catholicity in England to-day is the learning and high culture of the Episcopal clergy. They have learned too much to be longer prejudiced. But what mental revolution can be expected in men whose sole recommendation to the ministry is the strength of their lungs, or a voice which can gravely intone Old Hundred ? We are convinced that much advantage would accrue to true religion, and a vast amount of infidelity be prevented by a wider diffusion of ecclesiastical and religious knowledge among the preachers of the country. Success to you, gentlemen.

WHILE we, of San Francisco, are discussing the question, "What are we to do with our boys ?" our Eastern newspapers are asking the same question about the girls. On this, the Philadelphia *Herald* has the following :

This is a grave question, and all the more so when we consider the tendencies of the age and the manner in which the fashionable, or would-be fashionable, girls are educated. Now-a-days young girls are intoxicated with a fondness for dress, and, lest some should be so fortunate as to escape the influences of the insinuating poison, foolish, silly mothers encourage them in it. This is the first and greatest troubled that threatens our daughters, and to this sin may be traced all the ills that blast the female character and bring ruin and destruction upon our homes. An inordinate love for dress is in a woman what intemperance is in a man—with the exception that it is more insinuating and more destructive. This extreme love of dress, which we so heartily condemn, has on more than one occasion been severely censured by the Church, and wisely so, too. Let us see how it effects the school girl. In former times the Parochial school was good enough for Catholic girls, for there was a time when girls going to school were not ashamed to be considered as school-girls ; but now we must have the select school, and our young ladies (!) don't condescend to associate with the poor, ill-dressed Parochial school-girl. Is this Catholic ?

In former times, school-girls who attended our academies were required to wear a neat and genteel uniform—one was not allowed to dress better than the other—girls were taught, besides what their books contained, how to sew, how to make their own underwear and plain dresses—how, in a word, to be the women that God intended them to be, the helpmates of man, the sharers of his joys and sorrows, in whatever position in life their lot was cast. Now-a-days, alas, how different ! The school-girl has become a thing of the past. She has given way to the young lady, who exercises all her ingenuity (and all her father's means, too) to out-do her companion in the quality, style, and number of dresses. Even this, bad as it is, might be borne with if these young ladies were only willing to learn to make their own dresses. But it is not genteel to know how to sew, and as to making dresses—why, what are poor dress-makers for ? What has "pa" accumulated means for ? No, the school-girl has had her day, and so has the woman. Now we have the spoiled young lady, and the useless, frivolous, flirting lady, who, if she condescend to become a wife, is so only in name. She has no sympathy for her husband—in fact she has no husband—he is only a banker—a fit candidate for the defaulter's and embezzler's prison. What becomes of her who was married to him ? She may, if the grace of God does not entirely forsake her, find her way back to rectitude ; if not—well, we will not venture to answer. It may not be considered *genteel* for us to write in this way ; perhaps not. We don't care to be considered *genteel* in that

sense of the word. We write the truth, and what thinking men and women will thank us for writing, and we will go still further. We say to the heads of fashionable schools, seminaries, academies, and so-called convents, *you* can remedy this evil if you will. If you do not, upon your consciences will lie the fault. Teach our daughters to dress in a way becoming to school-girls—teach them the noble end for which woman was created—teach them to be useful to their mothers, no matter what may be their stations in life—teach them that it is one thing to be tidy and genteel, and another to be dressy—teach them to be economical and thrifty, instead of being extravagant and useless—teach them to be able to face any reverse of fortune that may overtake them, with courage and with the fortitude of a true and holy woman—teach them resignation to the will of God—teach them to *genuflect* before the Blessed Sacrament, and not to make a ridiculous and un-Catholic bow, if we may dignify it as such.

We may not be thanked for what we have said in this article by the *genteel* people we allude to. We did n't write for thanks. If what we have said strikes any one in particular, let them reform matters at once—if we strike no one, we raise our heart in thanks to God that *our* people are free from these abuses.

SPEAKING of the suppression of the Religious Houses in Rome, the *Brooklyn Review* says :

Without doubt, the most serious religious question of the day is the threatened violent extinction of the religious houses in Rome, and especially of those which are governed by the Generals of the various Orders. The Generals of the Orders are to the Holy Father like so many rings which link the chain of the different religious communities all over the world to the supreme See. By suppressing them, Italy will deal a fearful blow to the Church all over the world, for the Orders will now be detached from their mother houses in the Eternal City. What would be said of Italy, if Italy suppressed all her archbishopries and bishoprics? The whole world would be obliged to confess that such an act was an outrage ; and yet it would not afflict the Church one-half as much as the suppression of the Orders at their fountain-head. For whereas, the Italian bishops have authority only in Italy, the Generals have power over each individual convent of their Order throughout the world. Catholic America will suffer quite as much as Europe from this arbitrary piece of tyranny ; indeed, more so, for in this land of freedom all the Orders are in existence, and enjoy full liberty of action—whereas, in many of the countries of Europe, they have been abolished. But apart from the inconvenience which this law will afflict upon the Orders themselves, it is well to consider the outrage which it will be to the spiritual power of the Pope. It not unfrequently happens that the Pontiff attends the Chapters in which the Generals are elected ; that they are of his privy council or attend his chapel. Again, it is usual for one of the Generals to attend the Pope on his bed of agony and receive his last sigh, and absolve him, ere he passes from his throne to the foot of the judgment-seat of God. So Innocent XI. received, on his death-bed, the indulgences of the Holy Rosary from the General of the Dominicans, and Clement XI. in dying, was absolved, counseled by the President Abbot of the Order of St. Bernard, and by the Generals of the Dominicans and Jesuits.

If the Generals are banished from Rome, and there now appears little doubt but that they will be so, the Pope will no longer enjoy the consolation of receiving from them in his last hour those comforts which, from time immemorial, they have bestowed upon his predecessors. So we may well say that the Italians, not content with tormenting Pius IX. in life, actually prepare for him humiliations on his death-bed. And if Italy is permitted to destroy the Orders to-day, why may she not declare it to be her pleasure to-morrow to break up the College of Cardinals, and treat Pius as Henry IV. treated Gregory VII. But Hildebrand, seeing himself in danger in Rome, fled to Montecassino, to the Benedictines of that ancient Abbey. But to what Italian Abbey can his great successor go? To none ; for soon there will not remain a single asylum of religion in the land which ought to be but too proud to call herself, if not the birth-place, at least the foster-home of Catholicism. Gregory triumphed over Henry, and died persevering *defensione justitiæ fortissimus*—"the very bravest in the defense of justice." So will Pius IX. Let Italy remember what her most famous demagogue, Garibaldi, once ironically wrote about the Franciscans—*quella seme non si perde mai*—"The seed of that plant is never lost." The sage of Caprera spoke the truth for once when he said this. The "seed" of no religious Order "is ever lost." It will plant itself anew somewhere or other, and grow up again and flourish. Suppression only acts like pruning on the plant of our Orders—it simply renders them stronger, and, by cutting off the unworthy branches, improves the growth of the whole tree. 1793 saw the Orders routed out of France—1873 sees them actually more flourishing in that country than they were previous to the first revolution. It will be the same in Italy. The Church will suffer, for a time, much grief and great inconvenience, but she will derive benefit from the persecution, and is doing so even now ; for never has the Catholic world been more truly united to her chief than at the present time. Unity is strength—let this feeling of unity increase day by day, and, as our enemy's house is one divided against itself, it is sure, sooner or later, to fall, and the victory be ours. The prayers of millions of Catholics must be heard, and when we least expect it the smile of her Founder's love will overshadow the afflicted Church—deprived of her territories, of her Orders, and mourning over her imprisoned Chief. But in the meantime it behooves every Catholic in America to protest loudly, in the name of religion, of liberty, and justice, against the suppression of the religious Orders in Rome, and most especially against the proposed abolition of the Generals' houses. This is a matter which concerns us nearly. It is an outrage to our sacred religious rights. For we have a right to speak when Rome is concerned, for Rome is our Capital. When Italy forcibly entered it, she swore to protect the spiritual authority of the Pope ; she has violated her word of honor, and is foresworn before the world. She declared herself equal to the task of protecting the Holy See. She has now openly shown herself, even in the eyes of the most credulous, to be but a wolf in sheep's clothing. Let us, therefore, join ourselves to our Catholic brethren all the world over, and protest against her usurpation, her arbitrary spoliation, and her iniquitous robberies, committed in the sacred name of liberty upon our religion.

THE Albany *Reflector* has a very good article on the observance of ST. PATRICK'S Day, from which we take the following :

We are approaching a festival which is looked forward to by the greater portion of the Irish element of America with anticipations of joy. It is dear to the Irish heart, as it brings back in one day the memories of years. It carries the true Irishman back to that ever-dear spot—the home of his childhood—and he once more dwells in memory among the scenes which so often enchanted him in days gone by. True, there is some thing in that day which touches a more hidden and symathetic chord than that whose vibrations are those of joy. It is the thought of what Ireland was and what she should be, that strikes the chord of sorrow which ever has its place in the heart of the Irish exile, and makes him too often forget his duty to himself and his God. On that day a cloud of thought floats before his memory, and he often strives to shut out the view by indulging too freely in what is forbidden—in what degrades a man below his level. He too often allows himself to be seduced by the hope of forgetting past wrongs, while he only increases, through his own forgetfulness, the pangs under which his heart is laboring.

We could never speak against the demonstrations on St. Patrick's Day. We desire to see them ; we look upon them as a binding link which keeps the Irish people united, and makes them one in heart and one in desire. But in these demonstrations, we should take into consideration that we can make that day memorable—memorable either for the good or evil which it may beget. We can make it a day to which, hereafter, we can look back with pride, or we can make it a day to which our enemies will point with scorn, and tell us it is stigmatized by many abuses. If we desecrate it by indulging our passions, instead of doing honor, we offer insult to the memory of Ireland's Saint.

St. Patrick's Day is not only a time for joy—it is a time for devotion and works of charity ; a time when all our wrongs should be forgotten, and nothing but Christian love allowed to dwell within our hearts. We should not forget the many destitute and in want, to whom our sympathies should be carried ; the many to whom a slight contribution would bring joy. How many of our brethren at home, destitute of food or fuel, merit our warmest sympathies and substantial kindness! They should not be forgotten ; they are our brothers, and each emotion of delight which their hearts experience should find a responsive throb in our own. As we enjoy abundance, we should not see them in want. We should extend to them the hand of charity, and assist them now that they need assistance. We wish to see the spirit of unity which has ever shown itself on each return of this festival, re-appear anew, and let us make it a day memorable among all others, by the love we show our native land, by the honor we show our Religion, and by the sanctity of our actions.

NOTES FROM ROME.

IT is understood that the suppression of the houses belonging to the Generals of the various religious orders, and the confiscation of their property, has been deided on by the sacrilegious Parliament of the Usurper. We own that we never anticipated any other issue of the question, for the simple reason that the Government and Parliament are, in the main, infidels who scorn all religious obligations, laugh at moral principles, and set down as fools all who believe in a future state of rewards and punishments. Our life upon it, that not ten per cent. of the members of the Government and Parliament of "United Italy" ever obey the rules of the Church as to fast and abstinence, ever hear Mass or go to Confession. How, then, could it be reasonably expected that by such practical unbelievers any regard would be paid to the rights of the Holy See or the proprietary rights of the religious communities, whenever it suited the purposes of the impious usurpation to disregard those rights? They are ostentatious infidels and robbers, and there being *now* no power in Europe either willing or able to defend the Holy See, they do just as they please with the temporalities of the Church and the property of the religious orders. Thiers is false to the Holy See, Austria is indifferent, and Bismarck and Sella understands each other, and are united by an *entente cordiale* against the Pope. In such circumstances, all that is daily occurring in Rome appears to us to be the merest matter of course. When the reign of the infernal powers in Italy shall end, God only knows. All we know is that, sooner or later, to an ignominious end it will come. Until the arrival of that hour Catholics have one paramount duty to perform, that is—to protest vigorously against the Piedmontese usurpation of the rights of the Holy See, make good by their free gifts the deficiency in the Pontifical income, caused by the plunder perpetrated by the Robber-King, and comfort the Holy Father's afflicted heart by their zealous devotion to the Chair of St. Peter.—*Correspondence London Register.*

MANY even of the Italian liberal papers are indignant at the insults permitted in Rome against the divinity of our Lord. The *Gazzetta d'Italia* says it is a scandal that the person of Christ, the God of the vast majority of the Italian people, should be outraged as it is in the City of the Popes. Too bad that every evening the Cross, before which we say our prayers, is dragged into the mud by certain vile scribblers, who are as ignorant of history and grammar as they are of theology!—*Catholic Review.*

WE published, last week, a list of the sixteen convents which, by this time, are already suppressed in Rome. It is needless to remind our readers that this act is unjustifiable, illegal, cruel, tyrannical, and shameful. Every right-minded man, be he Catholic, Protestant, or Infidel, must acknowledge that the suppression of a religious house, the inmates of which have done no earthly harm, violated no law, and have behaved in every sense of the word as worthy citizens, is an outrage to the name of liberty. The convents in question are among the most interestihg in Rome. That of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva is the mother house of the Order Friars Preachers ; San Noberto and S. Calixto are two of the oldest convents in Rome ; Santa Maria della Vittorio has been for centuries the home of the most illustrious missionaries ; Santa Susanna is an exceedingly venerable monastery, belonging to the rigid order of Carthusians ; San Giacomo is a convent of reformed Magdalens ; Santa Catharina di Siena is the mother house of the Dominican nuns in Rome, and Santa Maria Adolerata numbers among its sisters ladies of the first families of the capital of the Catholic world. These acts of spoliation are enough to make the blood boil in the veins of every Catholic who reads them. Indeed, when we pray for our enemies, it now becomes an absolute necessity to petition for a little patience. The inmates of these convents have been ruthlessly expelled, and obliged, after years of peace, to wander upon the face of the earth, deprived of means, of their homes, and many of them at an age when they can no longer work. And wherefore? Because they are Catholics—Christian men and women who choose the humble habit of Dominick, Francis Ignatius, Catherine and Bernard, rather than the panier and cut-away coat of the period. Because they fast, because they pray, because they love the poor and lowly, and not the vanities of this world. "And this is in a Christian land," in a land that boasts of having given liberty to its people, and boldly calls itself free. "Oh! liberty, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name," said Madame Roland, at the foot of the guillotine ; and we, from free America, repeat her famous words, as we think over the sufferings of our Church in that so-called "land of the free."—*Ibid.*

GENERAL EUROPEAN NOTES.

SPAIN.—There never was so great a transformation of government effected with so little trouble in any part of the world as that accomplished in Spain last week. It seems more like the transformation scene in a Christmas pantomine than the reality of a great political revolution. Something like it was threatened in Belgium in 1848, when King Leopold told his malcontent subjects that he came to them at their own request, and for their benefit, and that if his presence was disagreeable, he would speedily bid them good-bye. So it was with Amadeo, but the character of the two people is very different ; and while Leopold's intimation of his perfect readiness to withdraw in a moment instantly silenced the clamorers, and made him master of the situation, the proffered abdication of Amadeo was unanimously and at once accepted by the Spaniards. The plain truth is, he was never the choice of, or acceptable to, the Spanish nation. A revolutionary Cortes, under the influeuce of a pack of conspiring and traitor Generals and Admirals, elected him King of Spain ; but from the first he had no sincere followers in the country. The old nobility held aloof from his Court—the clergy, whom his profligate government plundered and oppressed, were necessarily unfriendly—and the mass of the people were either hostile, as Carlists or Isabellaists, or wholly indifferent. His quarrel with Serrano, Topete, and Sagasta threw him into the hands of Zorrilla, Rivero, and the Radicals, who were willing to use him as a tool, so long as he allowed them to do so, but were ready to desert and betray him the moment he showed restiveness or declined to be dragged by them through the mire of their evil ways. All this is now not only admitted, but impudently proclaimed by the stock-jobbing London newspapers, which, down to the 7th of this month, systematically deceived their readers by suppressing the truth, and publishing falsehoods respecting Spanish affairs. Let the reader run his eye over the following :—"The only thing surprising about the events which have just occurred in Spain is, that any one who has paid even but slight attention should be surprised by them. Nothing was more certain than the abdication or deposition of King Amadeo. It was but a question of time. A King who sees his place shunned by all the upper classes of society, the *highest* titles of nobility *urgently pressed* in return for such small services as placing a house at his disposal last summer in the Basque Provinces, and *peremptorily refused;* whose subjects hardly make way for him as he rides through the streets, and refuse him the courtesy of a salute ; and, well knowing that the men who surround

him are probably at their old trade of plotting to overthrow their Sovereign at the first favorable opportunity, was quite right in taking the earliest opportunity to relieve himself of the greatness that was thrust upon him." Could the reader imagine, for a moment, that these lines were extracted from the *Times?* The fact is so, however extraordinary it may appear. The extract chimes in remarkably with what has been so often stated by the *Weekly Register* on the subject. Why were all the facts, now proclaimed, so sedulously suppressed by the *Times*, during the last two years? The *Times* and other city papers gave flowing accounts of Amadeo's tour in the Bastan last summer, and the frenzy of delight with which he was received every-where and by all classes; and now we are coolly told that the highest titles of nobility were offered and urgently pressed in return for the civility of a night's lodging for the King of Spain, and peremptorily rejected! Could degradation descend lower?—*London Register.*

GARIBALDI and Garibaldi's relatives and friends are in fine feather over the suppression of the religious orders. Carioli, the red-shirted hero's son-in-law, was eloquent on the subject at the late Democratic meeting in Milan, and the hero of Castelfidardo writes triumphantly about it to Quinet: "The orders destroyed, the hydra will soon follow." By "hydra" the amiable Guiseppe means the Holy Father. But it so happens that hydras have hitherto been considered difficult to destroy, because when one head is off another appears, and so it will be with the Pope. When one Pope is dead there will soon be found another to succeed him. We think it will be not so easy to find a second Garibaldi, when the first is done for.—*Ibid.*

ALL the Prussian Bishops through the two metropolitans of Cologne and Posen, have presented to the Prussian Government a *memorandum* against the iniquitous new, laws which Bismarck is about to publish. "The first duty," say they, "of a bishop is to preach the faith and laws of God, and administer the sacraments; their second duty is to select and educate the priesthood which is destined to assist them in the fulfilment of their duties; the third, is that of advising, and directing them and the faithful in the truth and holiness of life, so that they may maintain intact the faith and laws of the Church; and if they deviate from the right path, and obstinately continue to disobey their ecclesiastical superiors, it is the duty of the bishops to deprive them of their office. These three sacred duties are intimately connected and can not be separated. Now, the new laws against the Church are especially directed against these three essential duties of the Episcopacy. In various times and countries the Church has been persecuted, but never before has it entered the head of any one to prevent her from educating her own clergy." The bishops then proceed to show the absurdity and impossibility of the application of these monstrous laws, and continue as follows: "According to the design of the new laws, it appears that a special tribunal is to be appointed to judge on matters purely ecclesiastical. We once for all declare that we will never submit to such a tribunal, for by its institution we only see a direct insult to the Church, and a stone thrown at her freedom and independance; an endeavor, as it were, to seek to turn the Catholic Church into a national non-Catholic one. Should we ever be dragged before this tribunal, we will rather perish than submit to its judgments. We most solemnly protest against its institution—for it is a stumbling-block in the way of the independence of the Catholic Church and the free action of her august head, the Pope."—*Catholic Review.*

MONSIGNOR MERMILLOD was arrested on Monday by the Chief of Police at Geneva, in obedience to the orders of the Federal Council at Berne. The Bishop assembled the priests in his house, where the arrest took place, and dictated a protest in the name of the rights of the Church of the liberty of conscience, and of his rights as a citizen of the Republic, against the decree of the Federal Council, which expelled him from his country, without hearing him in person and without judging him. The police accorded Monsignor Mermillod only a few minutes preparation, during which he was not allowed out of sight. He was then conveyed in a one-horse cab toward Ferney, four and a half miles from Geneva, nearly a mile beyond the French frontier and the scene of Voltaire's exile. Upon reaching the frontier, Monsignor Mermillod left his cab and walked to Ferney, accompanied by four priests, who had followed in another vehicle. They entered the Church of Ferney, where the curè of the parish came to offer hospitality, which was accepted. A crowded special service was held in the Church in the evening, and the Bishop preached a short sermon. On Tuesday several hundred persons in carriages and on foot went from Geneva to Ferney, to pay their respects to Monsignor Mermillod. On Tuesday night a meeting of the municipal representatives of twenty-five communes of the canton of Geneva adopted a protest of the Grand Council against the Catholic Worship Reorganization Bill, which provides for the popular election of the cures. They declare that if the bill becomes law it will be impracticable. No sincere Catholic will accept it. The communes haveone religion—that of their fathers—taught by the clergy in whom they have confidence, and the only one they will recognize. The consequence of the law will be to create two forms of worship, two orders of clergy, two classes of believers, and general disunion in each canton. A protest of the clergy of the canton was also presented to the Grand Council in its sitting on Wednesday, in which it was declared that the banishment of Mgr. Mermillod, will not diminish the validity of the trust confided to him by the Pope, and will increase their submission to his authority. It is stated that the bill, after a stormy debate, was voted by seventy-six votes against eight. Mgr. Mermillod, has received from His Holiness the Pope, a letter enjoining him to go forward in the work entrusted to him, without fear of persecution, and with a noble independence. The Holy Father, reminds the Bishop that the Apostles were also sent, like him, as sheep into the midst of wolves, and that persecution, which it seemed must necessarily render fruitless all their labors, really had the contrary effect. In conclusion Pius IX., as a proof of special affection, bestows His apostolic benediction upon the Bishop, his clergy, and all the people entrusted to his care.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

ONE morning in the summer of 1845, Lieutenant Palowsky, a Polish officer, in the Papal army at Rome, received orders to repair in an hour to the Vatican, with a mounted detachment, to escort a personage of importance to the sea coast.

Palowsky—a man of thirty, with black hair and eyes, and the erect bearing of a soldier—saluted in silence, and half an hour afterward was riding slowly in front of a score of troopers toward the Vatican. It was plain as he approached that the troopers were to escort some royal or imperial personage. One of the Pope's own coaches, with four horses attached, stood in front of the main entrance, and outriders, ready mounted, were ranged on each side. Palowsky halted his men, dismounted, entered the Vatican, and, reaching the ante-chamber, looked around for some one. A single person occupied the apartment—Monsignore Frangipanni, an ecclesiastic of high position—and as Palowsky, who was an ardent Catholic, knew Monsignore intimately, he went up to him, and said:

"Do you know whom I am ordered to escort to-day, father?"

The worthy ecclesiastic, who had greeted the young Pole with a benevolent smile, suddenly looked at him intently, with an expression of doubt and trouble upon his venerable features.

"You," he said, "you, my son? Then it is you who are to command the mounted escort?"

"Such was the order I received, father. But I am yet ignorant of the name of the personage I am to accompany."

"Do you not know?"

"Since I ask you his name, father?"

The good priest was silent for a moment.

"You are a Pole, are you not, my son?" he said, at length.

"Assuredly, my father."

"And you hate Russia and the Russians?"

"Bitterly."

"Then," said the old priest, shaking his head, "Col. Collonna has made a bad selection in choosing you to command this escort."

The young Pole looked at his interlocutor intently.

"A bad selection, father?"

"Yes."

"Tell me wherefore."

"Are you ignorant of the presence of a very great personage at Rome?"

The Pole raised his head quickly, and exclaimed:

"It is not possible that I—I—am to escort ——"

"The Czar Nicholas of Russia? Yes, his imperial Majesty has completed his consultations with the Holy Father on the Eastern question, and is about to leave Rome for Civita Vecchia, where he will take ship."

Palowsky turned pale; hts dark eye flashed. Then his head sank, and he muttered, in a low, strange tone, pausing between each phrase:

"So—it is I—I—a Pole—who am to go with this Calmuck—to escort him—safely."

The word "safely" was uttered in so singular a tone, and was accompanied with a side glace at Monsignore Frangipanni so covert and menacing, that that ecclesiastic trembled. He advanced a step, laid his hand upon the arm of the young Pole, and was about to speak, when the door of the inner apartment opened, and two imposing figures appeared on the threshold.

One was the figure of the Pope, clad in his plain, canonical robes, a placid and kindly smile upon his benevolent features, a father of the Church in dress, bearing and expression. The other figure was that of a man of commanding stature, covered with gorgeous decorations, the carriage of his person lofty and imposing, the features handsome and striking, the whole bearing of the individual that of a man accustomed to supreme command and unlimited obedience. The very glance of this human being was power incarnate, and the fact was simple. Nicholas, autocrat of all the Russias, was the head, front and impersonation of a power as nearly approaching divinity as it is possible to humanity. This one man grasped in his right hand, like a flaming sword, that grand, terrible, indescribable force, Russia. Millions moved at his nod, no more dreaming of opposition than of opposing fate. From the mines of Siberia to the banks of the Vistula, from the frozen shores of Lapland to the warm waves of the sea of Azov, a countless host of human beings, ascending in regular gradations from serf to prince, had but one controlling sentiment: "The Czar is God—his will is law."

The Pope accompanied his Majesty to the head of the flight of marble stairs, where they parted with ceremonious inclinations, the Czar not offering to kiss the hands of his host. As the head of the Greek Church, he was a "schismatic."

Descending to the steps, he then entered his coach, and was about to make a sign to the driver to proceed on his way, when Monsignore Frangipanni, disregarding all ceremony, came up quickly to the window, and said, in a low tone:

"Is your Majesty aware that the officer commanding your escort is a Pole?"

The Czar turned his head quietly.

"A Pole, Monsignore?" he said, in his deep, calm voice, in Italian.

"A Pole, your Majesty."

A piercing glance shot from the eye of the Czar to the priest.

"An accident, doubtless, Monsignore?"

"Beyond all question, your Majesty."

"Point out this officer to me."

The ecclesiastic indicated Palowsky, who was drawing up his men in column in rear of the coach. The same piercing glance from the eyes of the Czar fell upon the pale face of the young officer.

"Yes," muttered Nicholas, "an unmistakable Pole. These people carry every-where with them the same expression. And I am to be escorted by—a Pole."

He was recalled from this half-soliloquy by the voice of the ecclesiastic.

"I know this young man, your Majesty," he said. "He is brave, honorable, and incapable of treachery, I think; but his hatred of Russia is intense. From the moment when you leave Rome you will be in his power. It is, therefore, for your Majesty to decide if you will have a different escort."

The Czar looked a second time at Palowsky, and said, briefly:

"You say that he is brave, Monsignore?"

"As his sword."

"And honorable?"

"The soul of honor, but a Pole, and, as such, regarding your Majesty as his bitterest foe."

The Czar inclined his head with imposing calmness.

"I have no fear, Monsignore, of any mishap," he said. "If this man is brave and honorable, he will not slay the person entrusted to his charge. There is, besides, no danger. My hour is not yet come, Monsignore. The Czars of Russia die only in Russia."

And he made a courteous movement with his hand to signify that he was about to depart.

"Your Majesty will not have another escort?"

"No. What matter, Monsignore? If my hour is come, I will die; if not, why care?"

And at a sign from the Czar, the coach moved; the horses passed from a walk to a trot; from a trot to a headlong gallop; and, followed by the out-riders and the mounted escort, the vehicle disappeared, amid a cloud of dust, in the direction of Civita Vecchia.

Monsignore Frangipanni stood looking after it until it was out of sight.

"I should have insisted!" he murmured, in a voice which almost trembled. "This young man hates Russia and the Czar too bitterly to render his escort a safe one. Why did I not act promptly? Why suffer this possibility of an eternal stain upon the faith? And now its too late!—too late! The monarch who has ground the unhappy Poland under his iron heel until every man, woman and child of the land, curse him in their very prayers—this hated enemy—this foe of foes—is alone unarmed, undefended, in the power of a Pole! They will pass through the mountain gorges, where the outriders, even, can not accompany the coach closely. In the narrow road, what easier than to spur to the side of the vehicle, lean into the window, and plunge a stiletto or pistol-bullet into the breast of the Czar."

The worthy priest turned pale at the picture drawn by his imagination, and re-entered the Vatican with a step

so tremulous and uncertain, that he nearly fell in remounting the flight of marble steps.

"He will return by noon to-morrow—if he ever returns—this Pole," he murmured.

And after remaining an hour in the palace, Monsignore Frangipanni went with a heavy and troubled heart to his own house, where he spent nearly the entire night in anxious thought, torturing himself more and more with the fear that something terrible had happened, or was to happen, to the Czar before he reached Civita Vecchia. It was only toward daylight that he fell into an uneasy slumber, and from this he suddenly awoke with a start. His anxiety followed him in sleep. He had seen, in a dream, an attack by Palowsky and his Poles upon the Czar's coach; the weapons of the Poles had been plunged in their enemy's breast; the Czar had fallen back, bathed in blood, and already dying; then Monsignore Frangipanni started from slumber, overwhelmed by tragic emotion, and bathed in cold sweat.

He rose, dressed, scarcely touched his simple meal, and, getting into his carriage, was driven to the Vatican. Palowsky would return thither, doubtless—if he returned—to make his report. *Would* he return? Was he not at that moment flying, with his fellow-murderers, at full speed, across the frontier of the Papal States?—the Czar a corpse, the good faith of the Church forever dishonored?

All at once the Monsignore heard the rush of horses behind him, and, turning his head, uttered a suppressed cry.

Palowsky was seen approaching, at full gallop, unaccompanied, and in a few moments drew rein and threw himself from the saddle beside the coach.

Monsignore Frangipanni, pale, anxious, with some thing at once fearful and terrible in the expression of his countenance, uttered the single word: "Well!"

Palowsky was as pale as his companion, and seemed in one day to have grown ten years older. His features were haggard, his brow streamed with sweat, and he panted and staggered, almost as soon as he placed his feet upon the ground. Grasping the bridle of his exhausted horse, whose mouth was filled with foam, and leaning for support upon the neck of the animal, the Pole fixed his blood-shed eyes upon Monsignore Frangipanni; and although his lips moved, no sound issued from them.

"Speak!" exclaimed the priest. "What is the meaning of this silence? You have not dared to come hither having treacherously—no! 'tis impossible! But speak—speak."

Palowsky's head sunk, and he muttered, in a low, strange tone:

"It was a great temptation!"

"Then—the Czar—"

The Pole breathed heavily, and by slow degrees seemed to recover his calmness.

"I understand what you would say, father," came at length from the pale lips. "You would ask if the Czar Nicholas of Russia, intrusted to the safeguard of Palowsky, the Pole, was loyally guarded by that person, and escorted to Civita Vecchia in safety, or murdered in the defiles of the mountains. Is this your meaning?"

"Yes!"

Palowsky raised his head, and looked intently at him who had uttered this last almost sepulchral monosyllable.

"Will Monsignore," he said, "listen here and now to my confession?"

"Your *confession?*"

The priest grew pale as death, and he trembled—"The confession of a very great sinner."

The priest's form rose, stiff and erect as an iron rod. His eyes darted consuming wrath.

"A *confession!* The confession of a *very great sinner!* You have not dared—wretched man that you are! you have—oh, no! The vengeance of Heaven would have struck you down."

Palowsky shrunk before these fiery words, but quickly regained his equanimity.

"Sin is in intent; *my* sin was in intent alone. But we waste time, Monsignore. I have dismissed my men to their quarters, and in ten minutes will join them and sleep. Would you know now, briefly, what occurred between Rome and Civita Vecchia? Hear my confession, father."

"Yes! yes! my son," exclaimed the Monsignore, with an immense sigh of relief. "Tell me all—all. My fears have been great."

Palowsky wiped his sweaty forehead, and said:

"What I will tell you, father, is as you will now understand, a confession in only one sense of the word. I have committed no actual sin; but, on the contrary, have achieved, I dare say, a great victory. You know, or can conceive, what victory I mean—for I am a Pole. The Czar of Russia was yesterday intrusted to my safeguard, and the Czar of Russia is at this instant safe at Civita Vecchia."

The ecclesiastic closed his eyes, raised his head toward Heaven, and his lips moved in audible thanks.

"When I left Rome, behind the coach of the Czar," said Palowsky, "a veritable devil seemed to have taken possession of me, father, and I heard a voice whisper: 'The enemy of your country, the man who has made Poland—once so smiling and happy—a blackened waste, is in your power. He has overrun your native land with his barbarous hordes: shed the best blood of your race; slain women, children, and the gray-headed; conquered, crushed, degraded you, sweeping away your liberty and nationality together; and now this barbarous tyrant of a barbarous nation is here alone, unarmed, his heart bare to your knife!" That is what the devilish voice said, father; and it went with me, whispering, exciting, spurring me to murder. Nothing seemed easier than to commit that murder—to obey the devil of temptation in my heart. You know how this man traveled—a coach with open windows, the driver and footman alone near him, for the outriders could not keep up with the tremendous rate at which he traveled; no arms, no guard, no suspicion, perhaps—yes! no suspicion; the head and impersonation of Russia—the hated, savage, implacable Russia—naked, defenceless before my sword! Was not that a fearful temptation to one who has seen father, mother, sister and brother, die of grief or starvation from this man's acts?"

"A fearful temptation, truly, my son," murmured the priest, "but continue—continue. You have more to tell me—I see that from your eyes."

"But little," returned Palowsky, gloomily, for the recapitulation of the wrongs suffered by his family seemed to render him sombre.

"Well, father, that was the situation of affairs, and so I went on at full speed; I came slowly to the resolution to assassinate the Czar. I use the plain word. I meant to wait until we reached the defile through the mountain leading to Ceri, and there, riding ahead of my men and the outriders, reach the side of the coach, lean with one hand upon the window, say to this man—'You are a Russian, and a wretch—I a Pole!' and plunge my sword into his breast."

The priest uttered a low groan.

"The moment soon came," continued Palowsky, coolly. "The out-riders had already dropped far behind, wholly unable to keep up with the tremendous gallop of the blooded horses drawing the coach, and my own men, in the same manner, were a considerable distance in the rear, their horses panting, foaming, and their coats bathed in sweat. As for myself, I was riding my favorite animal—this one—which I brought with me from Poland, and his Urakine blood never faltered; he was still as fresh as when I started. Well, I came to my resolution as the coach approached the defile of the mountain. It had passed over the campagna, the region of the *malaria*, and ascended the slope beyond at a place so wild that every instant it bounded into the air; and now, when the road became still more difficult, the speed of the horses was now checked. How that Calmuck travels, father! He travels like the devil. Half my troop was now broken down, the other half was steadily dropping behind. I called out, 'close up! advance at a trot!' and shooting ahead, quickly gained upon the coach, which rushed up the mountain road, raising clouds ot dust.

"Such was its speed, that it had entered the gloomiest part of the gorge before I caught up with it. You know the road to Ceri, father. It winds through the mountains, in some places skirting abrupt descents—precipices, well nigh, where between the ravine and mountain there is but bare room enough for a vehicle to pass. Well, this fact at first led me to alter my plan. Say what you will—thirst as you may for the blood of a human being—there is some thing ugly and repulsive in plunging a weapon into his heart! If the Calmuck were killed, slain, a corpse—was not all accomplished? So I said to myself, I will pass the coach, ride on, await the moment when it is passing at full gallop along the edge of one of the ravines, and then I will throw myself in front of the leaders, wrench the bridles sidewise toward the abyss, and horses, coach and Calmuck will be hurled down hundreds of feet, and all will be over!"

"This is frightful, frightful," groaned Monsignore Frangipanni.

"Is it not, father? And how frightful, too, was this man's cruelty to my unhappy countrymen, who never wronged him! But, to continue my narrative, I will not detain you many moments longer. I strove to pass the coach, but could not; the road was too narrow. Twice I attempted it, and twice I well-nigh met the fate I designed for the Czar—my horse nearly fell over the precipice. I remember, now, the footman behind the coach, and the driver, too, gazed at me. Did they suspect my intent? I know not. One person, at least, did not—the Calmuck himself—and that for a very good reason, father; he was sleeping! And how he looked! Hate him as we Poles may, there is some thing about this savage! He fears nothing! Did you not inform him, as we left this spot yesterday, that I was a Pole? You did so inform him. So I was not misled. That whispering dialogue, with a glance toward myself, was a warning against me. Well, another person would have observed precautions. This savage treated the danger with superb contempt; leaned back in his coach, opened his rich habit, heavy with gold lace, and oppressive from the heat of the weather, and bared his great broad breast, naked save from the fine linen, disdainful of sword, stiletto or bullet from the Pole who rode in sight of him."

"A terrible impudence, my son! but go on—go on!"

"I have well-nigh finished," said Palowsky, coldly, as though regretting to be compelled to narrate the rest. "There lay the man, father—his huge breast rising and falling in the hot sun; his head leaning far back, so that I could with one stroke of my sword have cut his throat—and as I looked at him a cloud of blood seemed to pass before me. I would kill the wretch; not with a bullet, not with a stiletto, but with a soldier's weapon. I would plunge my sword into the heart of Calmuck, and avenge at one blow the wrongs of my country—this day would be the last of him; and digging the spurs into my horse, I, with one bound, reached the side of the coach, and was within three feet of the sleeper."

The priest unconsciously clasped his hands, looking with terrified eyes at the speaker.

"My sword was already drawn," continued Palowsky, "and in another instant its point would have entered the man's heart, when, as I leaned over him, so near as almost to hear his breathing—do you know what I heard, father? I heard him murmur, *la sua Sanctita.*" He was thinking of His Holiness, and the name of the Holy Father, thus uttered, smote me like a blow. The man was intrusted to me by *la sua Sanctita*—he was himself sacred—and as I hesitated, the coach bounded over a rock in the road, jolted heavily, and he opened his eyes! The Czar now sat erect, gazing at me with eyes as—calmer than—yours at this moment."

Palowsky was silent, and a gloomy, almost morose, expression came to his eyes and lips.

"That is the whole, father," he said. "You see I did not kill him—the big giant with the broad chest naked in the sun! The coach was twenty paces from me in a moment. I fell back. I never saw the man again until we reached Civita Vecchia, and then for an instant only, as he strode by me with disdain—it may be to oppress Poland anew! Well, there is my narrative, father. You know all, and I'll go and make my report, and then get some sleep. He is safe. It was a great—a very great—temptation! But—praise be to God and all saints! I did not dishonor the safeguard of *la sua Sanctita.*"—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

GRAND CIVIC AND MILITARY DISPLAY. THE LITERARY EXERCISES OF THE DAY.

BRIGHT and beautiful weather has enhanced the pleasure and increased the enthusiasm of this festive day of Ireland's patron saint. Flags were flung to the breeze in the gray of morning and increased in number and variety until the city had donned a becoming holiday suit of bunting, in whose numerous folds, all the leading nationalities of the world were represented. It was a cheering and inspiriting scene, as viewed from the hills of the city, and, at a late hour, animated and brilliant sights were presented at almost every point along the prominent thoroughfares. The patriotic Irishman was up betimes and busily preparing for the festivities of the day. His uniform had to be dusted and furbished, or his society badge polished into reflective brightness. Then the house and the wife and children must be decorated in appropriate manner, and, finally, he must take his place in the line of the procession, and march to the cheering music of his Fatherland. This order of business has become natural to the Irishman. He is nothing if not patriotic. Thirteen hundred and fifty-one years ago, the first celebration of St. Patrick's Day was observed in Ireland, and through the long vista of past years his memory has always been carefully observed, and his merits instilled into the minds of the children of Ireland until they have become part and parcel of the Irish nature, and the Saint is as much revered today as when he dwelt on earth.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES

were held in the various Catholic Churches early this morning, in the presence of large assemblages.

The streets were thronged with jubilant people during the passage of the procession, and the liveliest interest was everywhere manifested in the splendid spectacle afforded by miltary and civic societies and the triumphal cars and escorts.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS.

At 10:30 o'clock, the Knights of the Red Branch, and the Irish Confederation, which organizations constitute the "Irish Nationalists," left their hall, on Market Street, and, escorted by the Hibernia Rifles and the Legion of St. Patrick, proceeded to Horticultural Hall, where they were met by the Grand Marshal of the Day, and his Aids. Within the hall they were presented with stands of Irish and American flags, by Mrs. J. J. O'Brien, on behalf of a large number of Irish-American ladies. Mrs. O'Brien accompanied the presentation with a short address, which, though delivered in a very low tone of voice, was eloquent and stirring. Colonel John C. Talbot, in accepting the colors on behalf of the Nationalists, made a fitting response.

Colonel M. C. Smith then presented to the Nationalists a green silk flag, of California growth and manufacture, the gift of Philip Meagher. This last ceremony was not down on the bills, but Colonel Smith made an effective impromptu speech, to which Colonel Talbot replied in happy style.

THE PROCESSION.

The advance consisted of a platoon of punctual police, mounted; H. St. Clair, Drum-Major Eureka Drum Corps, Advance Guard, and French Zouaves, Col. Buffandeau commanding the latter Company, which, bye-the-bye, presented a picturesque appearance. The advance was the first feature of the procession, as the reader might naturally suppose. Then came the Grand Marshal and his Aids in this order: Grand Marshal, James Barrett; Chief Aids, Colonel M. C. Smith, D. Sweeney; Chief of Staff, John Hamill; Aides to Chief of Staff, Col. P. F. Walsh, Major P. W. Black; Aids on Staff, Captain John Flanigan, Captain J. P. Rafferty, Captain P. E. Farrell, Captain T. J. Dixon, Michael Skelly, Mathew Nunan, F. J. O'Reilly, Dr. J. R. Rice, Daniel Harney, James M. Roach, J. H. Judd, Michael Barron, Owen McMahon, John Doyle, Stephen McGillan, J. H. Dougherty, Joseph Gleeson, Dennis O'Day, R. D. Pitt, Thomas J. Powers, David Coggins, J. C. Nolan, W. V. Gaffey, Major P. W. Black, T. F. McCarthy, J. H. Blaney, Ed. Durkin, John O'Kane, David Buckley, J. G. McCue, Jas. Sweeney, Dr. J. M. Sharkey, Thomas Kelly, Thomas Finn, D. Garvey, Thoma Dunning, Daniel Sheeran, E. P. McCarthy, Joseph Hill, Ed. O'Connell, P. Brooks, John Kulahor, Æneas Daley, John Hayden, J. P. Lysett, J. D. McNamara, M. Murray, James C. Nealon, Wm. Hayes, C. Richardson, J. Horan, E. F. Gleason, P. Phelan, C. McCauley, J. Lennan, C. O'Connor, Mathew J. Crooks, D. J. O'Callahan, A. Newman, J. Farrell, A. Jackson, P. McCarthy, J. C. Gleason, J. F. Kelley, James Farrell, Daniel McCoy, Joseph Murtagh, Patrick McMahon, J. W. McCarthy, D. S. Slattery, J. Clark, T. W. McCue, Michael Heffernan, Patrick Donnelly, J. Desmond, D. Geary, John McLaughlin, John Gallagher, Patrick Kennedy, Martin O'Brien, T. H. McGinn, Charles Ryan, H. McCloskey, J. M. Thompson, M. Foley, J. Hughes, J. F. Brady, F. C. Martin.

The balance of the procession followed in this order:

FIRST DIVISION.

Military—Colonel A. Wason, Commanding. Major P. R. O'Brien and Staff. Cavalry—Jackson Dragoons, Captain M. Greany, Commander. Blythe's Band. Infantry—Col. A. Wason, Lieut. Col. M. C. Bateman, Major J. J. Conlin, Adjutant P. J. Tannian, Quartermaster, Frank Mahon; Paymaster, J. D. Cusheon; Commissary, James Barrett; Surgeon, Dr. Thomas Green; Chaplain, Rev. Father Largen; Company A, Montgomery Guard, Captain Charles Quinn; Company C, Wolfe Tone Guard, Captain John Leddy; Company D, Meagher Guard, Captain John Eagan; Company B, Shields Guard, Captain M. Flanagan; Guard de Lafayette, Captain Perrier; Company F, MacMahon Grenadier Guard, Captain J. H. McMenomy; Company E, Emmet Life Guard, Captain Robert Cleary; Battalion of Independent Companies, Major P. R. Pico, Commanding; Native Californians, mounted; Guardia de Juarez, (Mexican Company) Antonio de la Torre, Commanding; Sarsfield Guard, S. C. Walsh, Commanding; Washington Zouaves, Lieutenant Stevens, Commanding; Irish Volunteers, Major John Lynch, Commanding. Barouches containing Officers of the Day—John Kenealy, President; Rev. Thomas Gibney, Orator; John McCullough, Poet; Dennis Coyne, Secretary; Thomas M. Connolly, Vice-President; John Grant, Treasurer; Hon. Philip A. Roach, C. D. O'Sullivan. Carriages containing the Reverend Clergy and invited Guests.

SECOND DIVISION.

Sons of the Emerald Isle Benevolent Association; Alper's Band; Marshal, Judge M. Cooney. Aids, Martin Tahaney, D. W. Murphy; President, John Kenny.

THIRD DIVISION.

St. Joseph's Benevolent Association; Fourth Artillery Band; barouche drawn by four white horses, containing the President, James R. Kelley.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Irish American Benevolent Association; Blythe's Band; Marshal, Thomas McInnerny. Aids, John W. Harrold, Thomas W. Loftis; President, John Collins.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Laborers' Protective and Benevolent Association—Walcott's Band; Marshal, Mathew Nunan. Aid, John Carroll; President, Michael Sullivan; St. Mary's Temperance, Benevolent and Library Association—President, A. P. Anderson.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Ancient Order of Hibernians—Benicia Band. Marshall-in-Chief, M. Warde, State Delegate; Chief Aids, J. J. Donovan, State Secretary, and M. J. Wrinn, County Delegate; General Aids, Thomas Mulvey, Daniel Shearin, County Officers; John F. Meagher, General President.

Division No. 1, of Vallejo, Solano County—Daniel Bresnahan, County Delegate; Patrick Kelly, President.

Division No. 1, Oakland—S. D. Cronin, County Delegate; Maurice Fitzgerald, President.

Division No. 1, San Francisco—Kidd's Brass Band; James Barrett, President. Aids, John O'Cane, Thomas Gillen, Francis McGuire, Bernard Keegan.

Division No. 2—Willis' Brass Band; James Cahill, President. Aids, James Kelly, Florence O'Neil, Archibald Small, James Collins.

Division No. 3—Band; Thomas M. Connolly, President. Aids, Bernard O'Brien, Maurice Tracy, Michael Burns, William Casey.

Division No. 4—La Selle Band, Charles Flannagan, Leader; T. P. Wall, President. Aids.

Division No. 5—Band; P. R. Hanna, President. Aids, Frank McEalier, James Sweeny.

Division No. 6—Band; M. C. Hassett, President. Aids, P. F. Brady, M. Miles. Thomas Donnolly.

Division No. 7—Band; John O'Dowd, President. Aids, John C. Carroll, Patrick McKelhough.

Division No. 8—Band; William Gilleran, President.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Schmidt & Schlott's Band. Marshal, Captain M. W. Stackpool; Aids, T. T. Barry, B. A. St. John; Escort, Hibernia Rifles, Lieutenant P. A. McDonald, commanding; Legion of St. Patrick, M. B. Hughes, commanding; six Gallowglasses in their ancient costume; Grand Triumphal Car, drawn by four white horses. Representations on triumphal car as follows: The two beautiful flags—one American and one Irish—presented by the patriotic ladies of San Francisco; one young lady in the costume of the Goddess of Liberty, had charge of the American Flag, and the other young lady, who was dressed to represent the Maid of Erin, had charge of the Irish flag. Two pages in beautiful costume were in attendance on the young ladies. A fac-simile of the ancient harp of Ireland, the Harper dressed in the gorgeous costume of the ancient Bard. Four little girls dressed in white, with green and orange sacks, bearing the banners of the four provinces. On the side of the car inscriptions in Irish characters, were as follows: "Ireland must and shall be free;" "Let Erin remember the days of old." Four Knights in complete armor, mounted, acted as escort to the Triumphal Car; Knights of the Red Branch No. 1; Knights of the Red Branch, No. 2; Knights of the Red Branch No. 1, San Rafael; Bourke and Luby Club; Irish Confederation, Frank Mahon President: Thomas Davis Club, Irish Confederation, T. C. Meagher, President; Celtic Club, Irish Confederation, James O'Leary President.

EIGHTH DIVISION.

Marshal, John W. Kelly; Aid, James Hamilton, and citizens in carriages and on horseback, brought up the rear.

ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION.

The procession formed on Fifth Street, the different divisions resting on cross streets, and moved up Fifth to Howard, to Third, to Market, to Montgomery, to Jackson, to Kearny, to Market, to Ninth, countermarch to corner of Kearny and Bush streets, where it was reviewed by the Grand Marshal and Staff, and dismissed. The management of the procession was highly commendable. No delays of importance occurred, none of the confusion generally observed during important parades was noticeable, and the conduct of the men, "all along the line," was all that the most exacting might desire.

NUMBER IN LINE.

The procession was about one hour passing a given point, and contained about five thousand people. Annexed is a list of the principal features of the procession: Marshalls and Staff Aids, 108; fourteen bands, 198 pieces; together with buglars and drummers; military companies, 600; Sons Emerald Isle, eighty-five; St. Joseph Benevolent Society, 148; Irish American Benevolent Society, eighty-four; Laborers' Protective and Benevolent Society, 111; Ancient Order Hibernians, 1,220; Irish Confederation, 113; Boys, 123; St. Mary's Temperance Society, forty-two; twelve barouches, forty-seven; seventy-one carriages, (rear) 287; Horsemen, (rear) twenty-one.

The literary exercises were held in the California Theatre, in the presence of thousands of enthusiastic Irishmen, women and children, and were above the standard usually presented on gala days. It is almost superfluous to remark that they gave general satisfaction. The stage was decorated with flags of America and Ireland, gracefully grouped together, and gained increased brilliancy from the gathering of marshals and aids and soldiers, assisting by their presence and otherwise in this feature of the day's ceremonies. John Kenealy, President of the day, presided. The introductory anthem by the band was succeeded by the reading of this beautiful poem, (written by Daniel O'Connell, poet of the day) by John McCullough, whose elocution was unexceptional. He was interrupted by hearty and prolonged applause.

THE POEM.

From every sod by wandering feet of Ireland's children pressed,
From every clime where Irishmen have found a place of rest—
From valley and from mountain, from forests' tangled way,
In one grand anthem swells the voice of Irishmen to-day.

From fair Killarney's placid lakes, from Shannon's smiling shore
From Leinster's broad and fertile plains, with daisies dotted o'er—
From Connemar's rugged heights, from Ulster's cape and cragg,
We Irish exiles now are met beneath the Irish flag.

For green within our heart of hearts, grown greener with the years,
Live memories of the Shamrock soil, wet with the nation's tears;
Whose children, though stern defeat their voice and sword have met,
Have still refused the tyrant's task—the lesson to forget.

Though reft of freeman's rule and right, one jewel we retain.
Beyond the grasp of perjured sway, of judge and jail and chain;
A past our mighty dead have gilt with everlasting light—
A radiance which illumines still the darkness of our night.

Full many a foreign sod, for years, was red with Irish blood,
When side by side, in alien ranks, the Irish soldiers stood;
Full many a time 'neath moon and sun, by Irish arms trailed
On hill and pass, the native pike the English troops assailed.

And what has sprung from all our strife—what lasting good been done?
What reck your dusty flags to-day, your songs of victories won?
Our answer be the glory of true sons in gallant sires—
The triumph in the deeds the world, though envious, still admires.

Has roaming chilled one heart-beat for her who gave us birth?
Has distance palled our loving for the dearest land on earth?
The answer is the greeting, that swells from Irish breast,
To the day our gallant fathers loved—the day we hold the best.

Know we not that those whose memories of us are full and kind—
The Irish friends in Ireland we exiles left behind—
Wear to-day the darling shamrock in shawl and in cauheen,
And glory still, spite all their wrongs, in cherishing the green.

In vain your rugged mountains, your wintry seas in vain;
Your breadth of sombre forest, your leagues of barren plain;
In east and west, through all the world, from Erin to Cathay,
Joined soul in soul, and thought in thought, stand Irishmen to-day.

We've never loved her better than now, 'mid all her sorrow;
We've never had so strong a hope to hail a brighter morrow—
For on her shores are tongue and pen, and brain of patriot might,
To trample to the dust the wrong and bear aloft the right.

And every rustling banner we've conquered in the past,
And every ivy'd mantled tower that totters in the blast,
Speaks to us, exiled descendants of the great of sword and song,
And bids us strive to see the end of Mother Ireland's wrong.

No feud or difference of creed o'ershadows us to-day—
We're Irishmen—and, North or South, we love the selfsame clay.
God bless you, land of memories, our darling Isle, our home;
God bless the leaf that clothes to-day the sod we call our own.

ORATION.

Rev. Thomas Gibney was introduced to the vast concourse and proceeded with the delivery of the oration, an able and highly interesting effort. The leading points of the oration are herewith presented:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—As each succeeding year brings around the festive day of Ireland's patron saint, an enthusiasm, unique in its kind, is aroused in the breasts of Irishmen at home and abroad. Whether within the confines of this immense continent, in Australasia, on the burning plains of India, or upon the green hills of old Erin—no matter in what spot of the habitable globe the Celt is found, to-day his thoughts instinctively turns to Faith and Fatherland. [Applause.]

Like the feast days of other saints, the 17th of March was set apart by the Church for the specific purpose of honoring the memory of the nation's apostle, and of returning thanks for the benefits conferred by the light of faith. But, almost from the beginning, the interests of the nation and of the religion of the people became identical. The one aided the other in times of prosperity, and both flourished because of the alliance. In evil days their common lot made them inseparable allies; for the enemies of the one were equally the enemies of the other. What wonder, then, that in course of time, this day should come to

REPRESENT BOTH ORDERS;

that, beside serving the original or ecclesiastical purpose, it should, also, be the gala day of the nation! On this day Irishmen love to review the story of their country; they think with pride of her faded glories; they mourn over her sorrows, and peer with anxiety and hope into her future.

Over fourteen hundred years ago the genial light of Christianity dawned upon the fair shores of Erin. St. Patrick was the apostle to whose devoted zeal our fathers were indebted for its introduction. He sowed the Gospel seed; and he found in Ireland the good soil in which it fast took root, and sprang up and bore fruit an hundred fold. The nation, though Pagan, had attained superior eminence in civilization. Its bards, its priesthood, its monarchs, its law-givers, were enlightened. Even its idols were not of the menial and senseless character of those nations which worshipped "gods made by hands," nor of the low, groveling, sensual character of those others which deified the worst passions of humanity, and bowed themselves before their altars as humble and adoring votaries.

THE DEITIES OF IRELAND

were of an Eastern origin. The chief among them, Baal, was worshiped by fire, a custom inherited by the ancient Irish from their Phœnician ancestors. From Phœnicia, Egypt brought letters; thence, also, Grecian literature and habits sprung.

The civilization of our forefathers, therefore, and their religious rites claim a common origin with those of Egypt and Greece—the nations possessing at the earliest period recorded the greatest amount of enlightenment in literature, art and science. Commerce to a considerable extent was carried on between the first settlers in Ireland and the northern shores of Africa and the East, as is proved by the researches of the antiquarian. Relics of swords, collars and crowns dug up from beneath the bogs, which necessarily had there reposed for ages, are proved to be similar in material and shape to those used by the oft victorious Carthagenian.

THE IRISH HAD A WRITTEN LANGUAGE

long before the advent of Christianity to the Island, which, though imperfectly, is preserved to the present day. In this language, the first converts of our national apostle gave to the world volumes on religion, patriotism and song; and so devoted were they to their national tongue, that when with Christianity a knowledge of Latin was introduced among them, that language was written in Irish characters. Our forefathers were also blessed with a most humane code of laws, called the Brehon, and a government of the Patriarchal character; and Loghair and Ollam Fodhla were conspicuous as law-givers when Solon and Lycurgus made laws for Greece, and Numa for imperial Rome. Hospitality and philanthropy, which have ever been indelible traits of our national character, were fostered and promoted by legislation ages before Christianity came to ennoble and direct them heavenward. It was not merely enjoined by the statute that the stranger should be taken in and cared for, and if sick, ministered unto, and his rights (for rights they were) in the family circle regarded as sacred; it was commanded by public authority that no family should remove from its established residence without having given previous notice of its intention so to do, lest the weary traveler, unaware of the change, should be overtaken by night at the deserted mansion, where there would be none to bestow upon him the needed hospitality. My friends, notwithstanding all the boasted enlightenment and benevolence of this, our glorious nineteenth century, I challenge the world to-day to show a specimen of legislation that does so much honor to the head and heart of our common humanity as this law inscribed upon Ireland's statute book by our pagan ancestors. By this superior enlightenment and her Christian-like virtues, Ireland seemed to have been better prepared for the reception of the Gospel truth than any other nation to which the word of God was announced. If we examine the early history of Christianity we shall almost invariably find that the first heralds of eternal truth were immolated in every country to the expiring deities of the place.

THE APOSTLES,

with one exception, suffered martyrdom. They sowed the seed in stubborn soil, watered it with their tears, and were obliged to nurture the germ with their blood ere the plant could flourish. I see one, like Bartholomew, go undaunted into the frozen regions of the North; another, like Thomas, penetrate amid the effeminate people of the South. I see James wandering through the barbarian land of the extreme West, and Peter and Paul enter the Imperial City; and I see that, though they every-where succeeded in flinging from their pedestals the idols of paganism and raising aloft the banner of the Cross, yet were they obliged to seal that success with their blood. Greece and Rome, though enlightened, and Judea, though the birthplace of the hitherto chosen people of God, endeavored to destroy the infant religion of Christ in its cradle, and Holy Writ tells us it was because they "loved darkness rather than light." India and Ethiopia, Syria and Persia consigned to a martyr's grave, as well as to the glorious purple crown, those who first went among them as the harbingers of evangelical truth and of the Gospel of universal peace. Boniface in Germany, Rumold in Brabant, Adelbert in Prussia, Arnoul on the Rhone, Benignus in Burgundy, were forced to

yield their lives in testimony of their zeal as propagators of Christianity.

Ireland alone did not thirst for the blood of her apostle. She almost immediately listened to and understood the teachings of the Nazarene. Her eagle eye could very soon gaze upon the beaming sun of Christianity as her apostle made it shine before the united wisdom of the nation in Congress assembled at Tara. Of course he met with some opposition from a priesthood and a people wedded by ages of belief to their esteemed system of mythology, but this opposition did not go the length of offering violence to the new apostle; and from the very first he was allowed to propound his doctrines, and, if he was able, prove their truth. Like Peter, he went to the fountain-head, and there he stood before that august assemblage as another Saint Paul in the Arcophagus with them of the "Unknown God," explaining the doctrines of the Trinity, Incarnation, Atonement, Immortality of the Soul, and the glories of a future reward. His teachings were favorably received, and he was, by a royal edict, granted the

FREEDOM OF THE LAND.

He proceeds on his mission, preaching Christ and Him crucified, every-where successful — every-where instructing the hundreds, and receiving the multitudes into the one fold, even as the apostles did at Jerusalem in the days of Pentecost. He preaches a doctrine of mysteries the most sublime, and it is straightway received; he publishes a code of morals, severe in its restraint upon human passions, and it is adopted and strictly obeyed. He travels over the entire Island; at his approach the remnants of Paganism crumble into dust, and in their stead, as if by magic, temples to the honor and glory of the Supreme Being spring up. The Baal-tinna is no longer lighted at eve on the hill-side, but in its place the fire of Christian Charity, and forbearance glows in the hearts of the people. No longer do the venerable bards of Erin attune their song and harp to the praise of heathen deities, but, like the royal one of Israel, in honor of the mighty Jehova; and in grove and glen, in the valley and on the mountain, sweet songs of Christian love and fragrant incense of the heart's devotion rise in adoration of the holy name of Him who liveth and reigneth.

For half a century did our Apostle labor among his beloved children in Ireland, and he had the proud satisfaction of seeing, in his own day, the land of the shamrock, which he found in the unskilled hands of Paganism, become the most cultivated and beautiful garden of the Church. And long after he joined the white-robed army of confessors round the throne of the Lamb, the glorious work progressed. Temples, where the piety of the people was fostered, studded the fair face of the land. Monasteries, schools and universities were every-where erected, wherein the torch af learning was set brilliantly ablaze. Classical lore, driven from its former abode in Southern Europe by the fierce incursions of the sturdy Northmen, found a congenial soil and atmosphere in Ireland, and flourished as an indigenous plant. For over two centuries after the entire conversion of the island, virtu, pure as that of the early Christians, and learning of a higher order and of nobler aim than that of the Augustan age, characterized the children of Patrick, and hence, on the Continent during that epoch, Ireland was known by the title "*Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum.*"

IRELAND OF SAINTS AND DOCTORS.

During all this time, from England, from France, from Germany, from Switzerland and Italy, the youth flocked to the schools of Ireland to receive an education; and to the eternal honor of our forefathers, be it recorded, no one refused. Not alone was the highest education imparted gratis, but its votaries coming from afar, were boarded and clad free of expense; and when educated, honorably dismissed to become themselves the dispensers, in their own countries, of the learning and science they imbibed at the perennial fountain of Erin. And if England may well feel proud of, and honor the best and wisest monarch that ever sat upon her throne, it was Ireland that educated her own Alfred. These schools were of immense extent, and numerously established all over the island, and were supported by donations of entire town-lands, made by the commonwealth to the noble cause. One of these asylums of learning—that of Armagh — contained at one time no fewer than seven thousand scholars, composed, in a great measure, of the youth of other lands.

Not content with affording a school to the sons of Europe, Ireland became aggressive in her desire to impart education. Her sons became apostles to distant nations, and the Universities of Oxford, Paris and Pavia honor Irishmen as their founders. In the fastnesses of the Appenines, around the eternal crater of Vesuvius, amid the perpetual snow of Switzerland and trans-Alpine Gaul, as well as upon either bank of the Rhine, the self-exiled children of Erin were found trimming the flickering lamp of science, and rekindling the embers of Christian civilization, well-nigh extinguished by the fury of Salmatian, Vandalic and Pannomian hordes.

SUBSEQUENT TROUBLES.

The Reverend gentleman detailed the thrilling incidents of Irish history with marked power, and in graphic manner, beginning again with the appearance of the first foreign invaders in Ireland, about the close of the eighth century, and continuing down to the present day. He talked long and well, and was indorsed from time to time in a lively manner. In conclusion he said:

THE RISING OF '48.

A rising took place in '48 of a few, young, ardent, patriotic brave men, who loved their country, if not wisely, at least well. The time was illy-selected. England was at peace; England was rich; England was at that time acknowledged a first-class power in Europe, and Ireland was poor, unarmed, and bleeding at heart, and consequently could make no show of resistance. Other attempts have since been made, but while I am willing to credit my young friends with earnestness, allow me to tell them the time was not yet, and it still reposes securely in the future.

BUT IT WILL COME.

We do not acknowledge that England obtained possession of Ireland by any other title than that of the sneaking thief, who comes under pretense of setting his neighbor's business in order, and then steals his purse. We claim that England has retained possession of Ireland by holding the iron-rod of oppression over the heads of a down-trodden people for over seven hundred years. We hold that we have always been treated unjustly, and that neither right, nor religion, nor God, will forbid us to rid ourselves of oppression's yoke, when the proper time comes.

But we must not be rash; we must not rush up to the lion's mouth unless we can strangle him, or at least render him powerless to injure us; neither must we follow every reckless adventurer, or be misled by the platitudes of irresponsible demagogues. Irishmen have been too often bled by such, in times gone by, and nationality has every time suffered by their nefarious or silly schemes. Much less must we allow the pure aspirations of the masses to be trifled with by insincere fortune-hunters. We must revive a universal spirit of patriotism among Irishmen and their decendants scattered over the globe. This is a most important element of success. We must rather create a leader than follow one. The circumstances will always bring the right man to the front. In all great national movements when union of sentiment and gallant devotion to the cause of right are secured, the victory is well nigh gained. Union is strength.

THE TIMES LOOK OMINOUS.

A new era seems about to dawn. England is now no better than a third-rate power in Europe. She is not even consulted on questions of public policy by the great powers. An empire but of yesterday smites her in the face, and proud Albion dares not resent the insult. England certainly grows weak, and England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. Let Irishmen husband their resources; let them be united in their counsels; let them grow strong in proportion as their old enemy grows weak; let them always remain faithful to principle; let them continue ever to love the moral virtues and the religion of their fathers, which was the brightest gem in the crown of Ireland's glory, and the inseparable consoler of her children in the dark hour of her sorrow. And when the proper time comes for floating the flag of green over Ireland — a resuscitated nation — the faithful priesthood of Ireland will be where it belongs, and ever has been, by the side of the faithful Irish people; on the side of justice against glaring wrong, aiding the long-oppressed against the oppressor. It will be where Father Murphy was with the men of Wexford. It will be where St. Lawrence O'Toole was at the siege of Dublin. It will be where the Pal Legate, Rinuccini was encouraging Tyrone and Clan Connell in the glorious struggle for altars and homes, and it will be the first to hail Erin a new nation—

"Great, glorious and free—
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

Miss A. L. Dargon recited *Fontenoy* in fine style, and the exercises were concluded with the song of *God Save Ireland*, by M. J. Rountree, the audience joining in the chorus.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT SACRAMENTO.

OUR Irish fellow-citizens and their sympathizers have reason to feel proud, says the Sacramento *Union*, of the successful manner in which they celebrated yesterday, the anniversary of St. Patrick. The day was very unpleasant, a heavy gale from the north-west prevailing and causing the dust to drift in clouds, proving a great annoyance, not only to those who participated in the procession, but also to the vast numher of people lining the sidewalks, balconies, etc., to witness the display.

THE PROCESSION.

Notwithstanding the unpleasant weather the procession was one of the largest and most brilliant ever seen in the city on such an occasion. About 9 o'clock the various bodies began assembling at the Pavillion, but it was not until 10.30 that the organization was complete and the line of march entered upon. First in order was the Grand Marshal, Michael Coffey, and his Chief Aids — John Whyte and J. G. Browne. Aids — Michael McManus, John Doyle, Michael Casey, Martin O'Halloran, J. F. Keating, Michael Butler, James Lynch, Matthew Orr, Martin Flynn, Daniel C. Nealon, Frank H. O'Brien, P. Kilgariff, Thomas Burns and John Donovan. The Grand Marshall was distinguished by a green sash and white plume; the Aids wore green sashes and green plumes. They were all superbly mounted, and formed a fine feature of the procession.

Following the advance came the City Band, plaing Irish national airs, to which the Emmet Guard, Captain M. S. Horan, in their new and very handsome grenadier uniform, kept good step, and made a finer appearance than the company has ever done heretofore. The Emmets acted as escort to carriages containing the President of the Day, J. A. Duffy; the Orator of the Day, Rev. Father John Harrington, of San Francisco; the Poet of the Day, Matt. F. Clarken, of Sacramento; Rev. Fathers Scanlan, O'Callahan, Kaufman and Kelly; Drury Melone, Secretary of State; James J. Green, State Controller; John S. Barrett, Deputy State Controller; Christopher Green, Mayor of the city; John Rider, Street Commissioner; J. W. Armstrong; Andrew Black, Treasurer of the Convention; T. W. Gilmer, Police Judge; E. M. Stevens, Captain of Police; P. F. Dolan, of the Police Department; Captain Lewis, Lieutenant Conboie and other members of the Sarsfield Guard, and numerous other persons. Then came the Hibernia Benevolent Association, under the marshaling of John Ryan, President; John Black, Vice-President; James P. Dray, Secretary; Richard Breen, Treasurer; followed by a large number of citizens wearing suitable badges.

In the second division, which was led by the Capital Band, was the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Sacramento, in full regalia — M. V. O'Brian, Marshal. Aids — Edw. O'Brian, Thos. Casey, Lawrence O'Shaughnessey. General Officers — M. V. O'Brian, County Delegate; Thomas E. O'Halleron, General President; Owen E. Hughes, General Recording Secretary; Michael Hallenan, Gen'l Financial Secretary; Bernard Shields, General Treasurer.

Division No. 1 — Richard Hughes, President; P. J. Brown, Vice-President; Michael Curran, Recording Secretary; Bart. Lucy, Financial Secretary; Wm. J. O'Brian, Treasurer. Division No. 2 — Dennis Flynn, President; John Donovan, Vice-President; R. J. Dooling, Financial Secretary; James J. Carroll, Recording Secretary; Michael Coffey, Treasurer.

Next in order was one of the handsomest features of the procession, in the form of an immense vehicle, decorated with American and Irish flags, and containing twenty-eight young ladies, clad in white, their hair flowing and decorated with green ribbons. The names of these fair participants, who represented the various counties in Ireland, were Katie Brown, Annie Hollfelder, Lucy O'Brien, Mary Carroll, Mary Murphy, Maggie Galligan, Katie Casey, Mary Menke, Mamie O'Rourke, Mamie Hughes, Katie Hughes, Mamie Wiseman, Mary Sullivan, Annie Johnson, Mamie Halloran, Matilda Lewis, Sallie O'Rourke, Dora Regan, Johanna Regan, Amanda Donohue, Julia Brown, Mary Brown, Susie Curtin, Mamie Whye, (No. 1), Mamie Whyte (No. 2), Agnes Murphy, Bridget Manning. This carriage was under the particular charge of two aids to the Grand Marshal, Terence McMorry and Daniel W. Considine, both on horseback.

After this, was a line of citizens on foot, and, finally many carriages containing ladies, gentlemen and children, the latter in holiday attire and wearing the national colors in profusion.

MARCH TO CHURCH.

The procession moved up M Street to Tenth, through Tenth to J, J to Seventh and Seventh to St. Rose Church, where mass was celebrated in the presence of as many people as could get in the building, Rev. Father Scanlan officiating.

REMARKS OF FATHER SCANLAN.

At the conclusion of the Mass Rev. Father Scanlan delivered a brief address, in substance as follows: "There is a great deal yet before us, and if I started in now to preach we would not get through. Another reason why I need not preach is that that little patriot from San Francisco, Father Harrington, is to deliver an oration, in which he will say all that is necessary; yet another reason is, that if I kept you too long here, you wouldn't want to go to the Festival. You all know the object for which that Festival is given, and should attend. England has robbed you of every thing but your flag and your cross, and Wendell Phillips says that the Irishman in America, with the cross in his right, and his flag in his left, is forever a standing menace to England. I hope they will always go on, hand-in-hand. I wish you a happy celebration, with no event to mar it."

THE MARCH RESUMED.

Leaving the church, the procession reformed and moved, in excellent order, over the line of march, viz.: Down K Street to Front Street, Front Street to J, J Street to Seventh, Seventh Street to H, H to Eighth, Eighth to G, G to Ninth, Ninth to J, J to Tenth, countermarching to Sixth, and thence moving to the Pavilion, which was reached about 1 P. M.

LITERARY EXERCISES.

In a few moments the upper hall of the building was filled with people, who were in due season, and, after the rendering of favorite airs by the band, called to order by the President of the Day, James A. Duffy, who, in a few complimentary words, introduced to the assemblage, the Poet of the Day, Matt. F. Clarken, who was warmly greeted. Mr. Clarken read, with good effect, the following poem:

POEM BY MATT. F. CLARKEN.

"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she can not destroy —
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear."

So sang the minstrel of Erin in number,
As sweet and as pure as the rills of the lea;
"Let fate do her worst" — for, Erin, thy slumbers
Bring again on this day thy joys back to thee!

Yes, the cloud in the heavens may darken and lower,
And thy firmament, veiled, be hid in its gloom;
But this day lends to vision a strengh and a power
To gaze in that past which thy glories illume!

The heart of the sun, the friend and the stranger,
All alike in this land of culture and thought,
Beat as one — in triumph as well as in danger,
To hearts that are longing for rights they have sought.

And now, with its mem'ries once more returning,
Again does this day point the world to the West,
And freemen collect, with exiles sojourning,
To honor thee, Erin, though crushed and oppressed!

"Let fate do her worst!" O, Queen of the ocean!
Thy sons shall still gather to honor thy name;
With hearts that are true with a tender devotion
Add lips ever fervent in breathing thy fame!

Ah! true spake the bard this night-time of sorrow
Doth bring back the features that joy used to wear;
And we, e'en now from thy crown may still borrow
A halo to gladden, a hope in dispair!

A hope in dispair! aye, as bright as the token
Of fire that guided the chosen of God;
This union of hearts by the children outspoken
In love for that Isle which is ruled by the rod!

Ah, strong is the chain of this compact fraternal,
And bright are the gleamings of hope it inspires;
These links which were stamped by a power eternal
And annealed in the flame of thy patriot fires.

"Let fate do her worst!" this day brings its pleasures
To hearts that are throbbing in unison free;
And fond recollections, viewing her treasures,
In pride points the world to the Gem of the sea!

* * * * * * * * *

But must thou wait, and hope, and suffer,
Suppliant still and still unheard, yet 'round
Thee witness each revolving cycle rise
From bondage and the chains of tyrant rule
The mighty nations of the earth, led on
By force of mind and thought to be an act
For man and not against!

Does fate decree
That all thy deeds of noble worth, and all
Thy contributions in the past to art
And science, with fostering care bestowed
On letters and the culture of the mind;
Thy noble aid and hecatombs of slain
In freedom's cause for struggling right
(And not for gain — but with an inborn love
To see, if not thyself, all mankind free),
Shall, unrewarded, fade away in mind
Of man, and dying, find no generous hand
To offer boon thou long hast sought in vain,
Nor tongue to plead thy cause and urge thy due

Does fate ordain thy recompense and wage
For these, thy labors, nought but empty praise
Or promised aid, at times mayhap avouched
With flattering tongue, and words most smooth in sound,
When abject fear entreats thy help, or wars impend,
Or subtle politician seeks advance
By subterfuge, unmindful of his bond?

* * * * * * *

Ah! said the truth, but thus to thee the world
Has proved its gratitude!

Palimpses scroll,
Rewrit with records of the past, presents
Not to the human mind a parallel
In wrong so long endured as man aloof
Hath stood and seen thee patient suffer.

But in its course the age of might is overpowered
By reason, and the laws of right prevail.
'Tis not for us to deem the hidden ways
Of God mere contradictions to the eye
Of sense, though they incongruous may seem
And not in accord with that impress wish
Which frequent prompt the heart to doubt the mean
By Providence pursued in its occult
Adjustment of the rights of man!

But faith,
The constant, with abiding trust in God,
O, Erin, and her sister, hope, with cheer,
Attend thee still and point with weeping joy
Thy vision to a promised time to come,
When forth from the seclusion of the past
Into the living present, crowned Victrice,
Thou triumphant o'er thy foes shall step
Into the van of sister states with pride,
In full fruition of thy cherished hopes,
To teach the world equality to all,
For ages long withheld from thee and thine!

* * * * * * *

"Let fate do her worst!" for now in reviewing
The past with its joy, its care and its sorrow;
Thy sons o'er the world, their faith now renewing,
Are looking with joy to the happier morrow!

That happier time when, robed in thy glory,
With a chaplet of fame encircling thy brow;
When thou, fair Erin, in doubting thy story
Wilt turn to this day which we celebrate now!

ORATION BY REV. JOHN HARINGTON.

After the reading of the poem, the band played for a few minutes, and Duffy introduced the Orator of the Day, who spoke as follows:

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: Another Patrick's day has come. And with it the Irish heart all over the world, exhibits its gratitude, its devotion and its untiring love for Ireland's glorious apostle. Though 1,400 years have passed away, since he went from earth to Heaven to receive the glorious reward for his labors, yet his memory is still green like the shamrock, and it will be remembered forever in the hearts of Ireland's people. I will not, on this occasion, go over the lengthened history of his life and labors. It is familiar to you all. But while we praise Ireland's glorious Apostle, on this day we must also have words of praise for that old country that has proved its fidelity to the doctrines taught by St. Patrick. Yes, the history of Ireland is glorious. And, although its enemies are fain to rob us of its glorious memories of the past, yet still they can not do so. Ireland is venerable for her antiquity above any nation on the globe. Ancient writers tell us, that there was formerly a great continent that is now submerged beneath the waves of the Atlantic, and that Ireland was the only nation that was exempted. So is it that the historian, in looking back over the pages of history, sees the nations of old, engulphed by the waves of time, and one nation only still survived, unchanged and unchangeable, and that is old Ireland.

Yes, colonized by the Phœnicians 1,300 years before the birth of Christ, by Milesius, the brother of Cadmus, who founded a colony in Greece; that Milesius dynasty, reigned over Ireland for 2,500 years—the longest race of sovereigns in any country in the history of the world.

Ireland, in ancient time, was one of the most civilized nations of the earth, and notwithstanding the lying tales of English historians, it is a fact which can not be disputed. In proof of it we can appeal to her language, which is one of the most anc ent in the world. It is according to great philologists, cognate with the Hebrew tongue, and it still is a living language. Muller traces it from Ireland to the highlands of Scotland, to Wales, to parts of France and Spain, and proves that the old language was the language of Europe. Again proof of her antiquity, is found in her ruins.

Look at the grand old towers inscribed upon the banners of Ireland—and these have not been built by rude savages. They are monuments of her architectural greatness, and, like the pyramids of Egypt, are indestructible, and prove of Ireland's proud position in architecture and science. Then there is her music—it is unrivaled. She was called by the Greeks, the sacred island—the isle dedicated to Appollo, to music, and to poetry, and she still bears the harp on her banner, as a proof of her ancient greatness and civilization.

She had in those olden times a government, more nearly approaching what we find now existing than any other. She was divided into a number of seperate monarchies, all subject to one supreme King. There was a triennial convocation of these Kings and Princes, and of the various orders of the people, and it was the nearest approach to a Republican form of government that we find in ancient times.

Ireland was always noted for her love of liberty and independence. But some will say if Ireland was so great, why is it that we do not find any account of it in the writings of other countries? Why is it that we are dependent upon the writings of a few old writers and a few bundles of old parchment for her record? Now, what do we know of the past but through the medium of three great languages? And these languages survived because they were joined with the true religion and worship of God. These languages are the Hebrew, the Greek and Latin. The Jews, the chosen people of God, preserved the Hebrew language. The Catholic Church preserved the Greek and the Latin languages. All we know is handed down in these languages. All other languages have been changed. Where shall we seek for the greatness of Ireland? Undoubtedly we must seek for it in the language of the West—the Latin.

Ireland had attained to greatness, but it had not been known to Rome until after her conversion to Christianity, and the classical monuments of Roman literature were all written before that time, therefore we find no account of Ireland in them. She was separated from the rest of Europe, and was apparently remote from other countries. She was not a conquering nation. She defied the power of the armies, which never planted their standard of victory upon her shore. Satisfied with the position of her island, she interfered with no other nation, and this should convince us of the greatness of Ireland. We find by history that rulers, having stamped out the liberties of the people and brought them to the level of slaves, set out to conquer the world. It was so with Alexander. When he had conquered the Grecian States he set out to conquer the whole world to gratify his own ambition. It was so with Rome. When the republic was destroyed only emperors filled with boundless ambion to conquer the world became rulers. They led the people forth to war. It was so with the first Napoleon, who deluged Europe with the blood of thousands to gratify his own ambitious ends. Ireland was not a conquering nation, but on that point we must have more to say. She was satisfied with preserving her own possessions. Her civilization was superior to that of any other nation around her, as appears by her devotion to the Heaven-inspiring influence of Christianity. But we see in her conversion to Christianity a proof of the greatness to which her people attained. St. Patrick landed on her shores, and through his exertions converted the whole nation to the Christian religion. A similar event is unheard of in the annals of the world. Other nations have been converted, but in converting them, many martyrs have been slain, and their blood became as the seed of Christianity. And not only did they believe and practice the doctrines of the Christian religion, but aspired to the most perfect Christianity, and the whole country became filled with convents and monasteries and with priests. St. Patrick alone ordained more than 3,000 priests and about 300 bishops or canons.

Now I would ask if the Irish people were the ignorant, illiterate, half savage people the English historians represented them to be, could St. Patrick have accomplished so much with them? You know not what requirements the Catholic Church exacts of her ministry. They must be conversant in the Latin language, and it requires a great length of time to acquire this language.

The Irish were not acquainted with the Latin language when St. Patrick came among them. They had to learn it, and all the priests and bishops must certainly have been men of education and refinement to acquire, during the lifetime of the apostle, the knowledge which would fit them for their ordination. These facts prove the high intellectual state of the people at the time of their conversion. Another feature in the history of Ireland is her unconquering spirit, which has preserved her nationality even to this day. After her conversson she became renowned as the great school of the world in which learning and religion were pursued. When the Roman Empire was destroyed the Goths and Vandals overrun Europe, and it was from Ireland that missionaries went forth to speed Christianity. That was the three hundred years, the most glorious period of Ireland's history, when she received the appellation of "The Isle of Saints." The Danes came from their own country to conquer Ireland, and notwithstanding the fact that the Irish people gave so much attention to religion and learning, they coped with these warlike men for two hundred years, keeping up an unceasing fight, and finally conquered them under Bryan Borohne, the great monarch of Ireland, who, during the last thirty-five years of his life, had conquered them in more than sixty battles, and finally drove them from the island by conquering them at the battle of Clontarf. Ireland was not wholly recovered from this struggle when she had to begin a fight with the Saxons. That fight has lasted for seven hundred years, and it is not over yet. Though held down, Ireland has never given up. Never has she relinquished her nationality, her hope and her certainty of ultimate success. And I say—and I think it is plain to any reflecting man—that she must achieve it. Every nation has its destiny, just as every individual has; and it seems to me that the destiny of Ireland is very plain, especially to the Christian mind. God looks to the eternal happiness of souls, and He regulates every thing in this world, among nations and among people, as He sees is most conducive to that end. Now, it would seem that destiny has raised up England, not as a reward, but to be the instrument of God's providence. Her power in greatness and extent of territory could be compared with that of Rome. Ireland—faithful Ireland—would not give up her religion. Her people have been persecuted and driven into exile. They have been robbed of their lands, and England sought to exterminate them because they would not give up the faith taught them by Ireland's apostle. And what has been the consequences? The very means that England has employed to crush out Catholicism and exterminate the Irish people, have been the very means of spreading it all over the world. Ireland has not only been a martyr nation, but it has in modern times become a nation of apostles. In losing their language and adopting the English tongue it has been providential, because the English language is spoken most generally, and they have become the pioneers of Christianity. Wherever a few Irishmen are gathered together there is a cross raised in triumph, and we see in these United States—the land of our adoption—in Australia, and other parts of the world, these people, who have been driven from their homes, are the means of imparting and diffusing the knowledge of the truth. And thus we see the confirmation of what St. Paul said. "God," he said, "had chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, the weak to confound the strong, the things that are contemptible to confound the mighty." God's own Divine Son, when he came on earth to establish the Christian religion, cast aside all His greatness and came as a poor, humble, mortal man. He selected for His apostles poor, illiterate fishermen, and subdued the earth by His power, and proved Himself to be the Son of God. And to this day God makes use of the same instruments, and made use of this lowly, martyred, persecuted people to be his apostles to disseminate the truth throughout the nations of the earth

Hence the Christian can see how great is Ireland. The ideas of the worldly are very different from those of the Christian. Greatness with them consists of power, wealth, splendor and magnificence; but with the Christian it is far different. Whom did the Son of God say was the greatest man? The lowly solitary of the desert, clad with camel's hair, whose food was locusts and wild honey—the great John the Baptist. He was the greatest man. And the saints of God who helped to spread the Christian religion we find were the lowliest of the earth. Ireland has that moral grandeur, that beauty of virtue and religion, and that self-sacrifice which every true mind and heart must appreciate. Yes, she has made the most sacrifices for principle that any nation ever did. It is a terrible thing when the time comes, where the wife sends the husband from herself and children to go and fight for his life and the defense of his country; but they have done so sooner than deny their religion. The nation has done it, not as individuals, but as a body.

The people have given up their lands, their possessions, and their very lives sooner than deny the faith they believed to be the truth. And see what a trial England put them to. If a man, in his wisdom and in his knowledge, had strength of mind enough to make this sacrifice, they appealed to the feelings of the women, saying, "Do not be a fool; if this old man wishes to commit such an act of folly, here is his property; you renounce Catholicy and you can have the property." But the wife was as faithful as the husband. And then they appealed to the youth, and said; "These old people are fools. Here is all their wealth and estates for you, do you but renounce Catholicy, and then all is yours." But the children were as faithful as their fathers and their mothers, and they made up their minds to be hunted like wild wolves of the forest rather than to renounce their faith. They gave up all. It seems to me that the destiny of Ireland is nearly accomplished. They have fought the good fight and pursued the good faith, and the reward even in this world is not very far distant. It belongs to all our ideas of the justice of God, that a people who have been so faithful to Him, so moral and virtuous, should be rewarded. And I defy any person to say that they are excelled by any nation in the world in moral virtue and religion. It is aguinst all ideas of the justice of God that this people, who accomplished so much, should not be rewarded, even here, for their fidelity. Their mission is nearly accomplished, and the boon of their liberty must be near at hand.

The seven hundred years spoken of by the prophet are now nearly elapsed, and I dare say that their fulfillment must be near at hand. And any one who, looking over the present condition of Europe, sees the storm clouds of war as they gather upon the horizon, must see that a change must be at hand, and any change must be for Ireland's benefit, and we must conclude that the hour of her liberation must be near. In the judgment of the civilized world, in the judgment of this great nation, which has afforded us shelter from the tyranny and persecution of England, we have still the victory—the moral victory—because the chief aim of England was to deprive us of our religion, but they have not been able to do so. All the persecutions and penal laws that they have invented and enacted have not secured for them the victory, but the Irish nation has triumphed over them and preserved the religion of which they sought to rob them. They thought that when the population of Ireland was thinned out by famine and they emigrated in millions that they were done with the Irish. But they begin to believe that one Irishman in America is as much to be feared as a dozen in Ireland.

The love of country which warms the heart of the Irishman, would not permit him to forget his uative land, even though an ocean seperates him from it; but he is as full of that love and determination to sacrifice his property and his life, when there is an opportunity for its liberation, as though he were on his native soil. England knows this; and what is her position today before the civilized world? She has decsended from being one of the greatest powers of Europe, and is now a second or third-rate power. And where she was formerly an arbitrator, she now seeks arbitration. I will not detain you any longer, but I am full of hope that when another Patrick's day comes around, you will have witnessed the truth of the hope that I have expressed—that those seven hundred years foretold by Ireland's prophet, are now about expired, and when that time comes you can be in a different spirit. I am satisfied that the hour of her liberation is at hand. The day-star of liberty is rising upon her, and we will behold her

"Great, glorious and free;
First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea."

The band played for a few moments, when Mr. Duffy arose and said: Ladies and Gentlemen—You will have an address by a gentleman who requires no introduction at my hands—our revered and respected pastor, Rev. Father Scanlan.

REMARKS BY REV. FATHER SCANLAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I think that the Hon. James A. Duffy, if he were not married, would be about applying for the pastorship of St. Rose Church. He has told you that I would say a few words to you, and address you after Father Harrington. Now, I gave up all right this morning to Father Harrington to say to you all that he wished to say on this occasion. When you take me out of the pulpit I do not know how I might act when you put me on the stand. When I go into the pulpit I try to know what I have to say; but when you put me on the stand it is something new to me—I have never tried it before, and I do not know how I may get along. I do not wish, then, to follow Father Harrington with an oration—that, of course, is not to be expected. Father Harrington has said all the good things to you that could be said, and as on the 4th of July, we find that our American frinds say all the good things that can be said about America, I think that on St. Patrick's Day we have the right, and claim the right to have a few good things said about our own native land. It has been asked, time and again, why the Irish are so much opposed to their Government. I had no right to say that they had no government. But why is it so? Why are they opposed to the English Government? Why are they not satisfied with the good laws made for the protection of thefr life and property? Why not satisfied with the enlightened and intelligent men that have governed them? Now, I would give an answer to these questions by saying that if you stole money from a man, he would never after have a good opinion of you. And that is one reason why Irishmen are not satisfied to be governed by England at all. She

is not satisfied to see her native soil given away to Englishmen; she is not satisfied, and will never forget that England went over to that country; that she, by right of power, but not of justice, deprived the people of their land, and she divided it among her own citizens, and said to the Irish, you must become Englishmen also. Now the Irishmen said to her, you can take my soil, you may take my house, you may take every thing I have, but my nationality you shall never take. What right, then, has any one to wonder or to be astonished that the Irish are dissatisfied with England? Do you not think that the American people would have a right to complain if England should take their soil, and say to them that unless they become Englishmen they could have nothing? As Senator Duffy remarked, they tried it once and failed. And I hope the day will never come when they will have the power to try it again, and if they would try it, they would have not only the Americans to fight, but every Fenian and Ancient Order of Hiberniamen, and every Irishman and every son of an Irishman to fight them. But that was not the worst; for having tried to rob them of their nationality, and after telling them that except they become Englishmen and renounced all feeling of nationality, they said they could not own the soil. A religious persecution in after centuries was commenced, and between religious persecution and nationality, they tried to brush out every vestige of Irish nationality and every vestige of Irish religion. But they failed. With the power of the Government the landlord said, "I want this house;" or, "I want this farm;" and the Irishman said, "you can have it! I am not able to keep it from you." They said, "we want your nationality and your conscience," and the Irishman said, "You can not have it." Now for centuries she has been treated in this manner, and it is no wonder that we should feel that we have a right to celebrate our national holiday as honest, peaceable citizens, and we have reason to-day to feel proud that in celebrating it we have the sympathy of our neighbors in this our adopted country. And it is a pleasure to me to see the stars and stripes alongside with the flag of the silver and the harp, and I hope the day will come soon when they will stand side by side in an Irish Parliament.

REMARKS OF DRURY MELONE.

Drury Melone, Secretary of State, was called upon and responded as follows:

"As Father Scanlan says, I am not a speaker, neither am I a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but unless I greatly mistake[t] the signs of the coming time, the day is not very far distan when the grand Isle of Erin will boast of freedom for royalty; boast of a freedom to serve her God according to the dictates of the conscience of every one. That day is not very far distant when she shall elect her own government for the people and by the people. Her sons have burning upon the altar the torch that lit up the blaze of human liberty in this fair land, and I only desire to see them keep the fires burning, and on St. Patrick's Day, 1876, the year of the celebration of the centennial of American Independence, you will all unite with us in ringing the bell of freedom from the dome of old Independence Hall. I thank you for the compliment you have paid me in calling on me, and with this I will resume my seat."

REMARKS OF J. J. GREEN.

State Controller Green was called upon, and made a few remarks: "I consider myself very fortunate, ladies and and gentlemen, to be present on this occasion. I have been an invalid for a month or two, and did not expect to be present. But this is a day that I have always been taught, from early infancy, to venerate, by a good, noble, high-minded and just father, and a venerable, good, ancient, old Irish mother. It is a day that fills my heart with rejoicing to see those from whom I have descended rejoice. I am with them in feeling—national and religious—and will aid, if ever the time should arrive, to see the country of my fathers as free as the country that gave me birth."

J. W. Armstrong made a few remarks, after which the audience dispersed, after giving three cheers for the liberation of Ireland.

THE FESTIVAL IN THE EVENING.

The festival, given at the Pavilion under the auspices of the ladies of St. Rose Church, with the desire to raise funds to aid in clearing off the church-debt, was a fitting termination of the demonstration in honor of the day celebrated, being an immense success. The large hall, which had been covered with canvas for the occasion, was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, among whom we observed State, county and city officers, and many other of the prominent residents of Sacramento. The toilets of scores of the ladies were exceedingly rich and tasteful. A large band, under the direction of F. W. Schmidt and Church & Jones, furnished excellent music for those who desired to dance, and for those who did not there were other means of diversion. The supper was excellent and well served.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT, IN 1873 FOR THE DIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.—1, All the *week days* of Lent, from Ash-Wednesday till Easter Sunday, are fast days of precept, on one meal, with the allowance of a moderate collation.

2. The precept of fasting implies also that of abstinence from the use of flesh meat. But, by dispensation, the use of flesh meat is allowed in this Diocese during Lent, except on the following days, to wit: the Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Ember-days, and the Thursday and Saturday of Holy Week; on which days there is no leave to use flesh meat, except by dispensation from the respective pastors, which they are hereby authorized to grant in cases of necessity, to be judged by them. All Saturdays are also days of abstinence, but not of obligation.

3. The promiscuous use of fish and flesh meat at the same meal is forbidden in Lent, even on Sundays.

4. Some prayers, at option, are recommended during Lent, particularly on those days in which flesh meat is used.

5. Lent being a penitential time, the pastors are requested to lay before the faithful the importance of Christian mortification, and also the grievious obligation of complying with their Easter duty, which may be fulfilled from the first Sunday of Lent; they will frequently and earnestly impress upon their respective flocks the necessity of attending, before all other things, to the salvation of their souls, and they will exhort them to the faithful discharge of their Christian duties, the only thing that can secure to us the everlasting happiness of Heaven. For this purpose they will hold religious exercises in their churches several times a week, according to what their prudence may deem expedient.

✠ JOSEPH S. ALEMANY,
Archbishop of San Francisco.

AN OUTCRY OF PAGANISM.

SOME one, Protestant, we suppose, clipped the following from the *Alta*, and dropped it in our letter-box. It is, of course, very greatly garbled, but we see nothing very monstrous about it—nothing over which to make a great cry as some of the *Pagan papers* have:

We copy the following passages from the Lenten address of Bishop Gilmore of Cleveland, Ohio.

"If we will hold our own amid this universal war that is going on, we must be more united. There must be less petty jealousies among us, nationalities must be made subordinate to religion, and we must learn that we are Catholics first and citizens next. Catholicity does not bring us in conflict with the State, yet it teaches that God is above man, and the Church above the State. To the Church, as the representative of God, we owe a spiritual alliance; yet, in all that does not conflict with the law of God, we owe an unqualified obedience to the State. * * * * * *

Like the locomotive, that genius has created, education gives power, but can not give skill to guide, any more than genius that may create, can, without experience, guide the power it has created. Who would trust himself aboard a railroad car, without a skilled hand to guide the power that is to draw it? Yet to guide the human mind, the most powerful and intricate of all machines, men insist that skill is not needed, and that this machine can be run without a guide. Now, what is this guide? Religion, says the Catholic Church; religion, says experience, and religion, begin to say the wiser men of the age. * *

We solemnly charge and most positively require every Catholic in the diocese to support and send his children to a Catholic school. Where *good* Catholic schools exist, and where it may be honestly said a child will get a fair common-school education, if parents, either through contempt of the priest or dis regard for the laws of the Church, or for trifling and insufficient reasons, refuse to send their children to a Catholic school, then, in such case only, we authorize confessors to refuse the sacrament to such parents as thus despise the laws of the Church, and disobey the commands of both priest and Bishop.

* * * * * * *

Hereafter there are and will be no Trustees. The Bishop is the only Trustee in the diocese, and in his name all property is held. Under no circumstances will we allow laymen to hold church property, or in any way control it. Titles to church property, whether in the form of deeds or land contracts, shall be made directly to the Bishop, "his heirs and assignees," without qualification or condition. Neaaly all the troubles we have noted in the diocese have arisen from a failure to strictly comply with the orders laid down in the "Rules and Regulations for the Administration of the Temporal Affairs of the Church in the Diocese." We hereby require every priest to have a copy of them, read and explain them to their congregation, then follow them.

We have said there are no Trustees, but according to the "rules and regulations" above quoted, Councilmen shall be elected in every congregation, whose duty it shall be to assist the Priest—not govern him. Councilmen must not forget that they are elected to counsel and assist—not to govern the priests; that is the Bishop's business; nor will they assume the right to control or manage the money matters of the Church, independent of or against the will of the priest. The Priest and Councilmen must be one, and when a difference of opinion arises, the Priest must be obeyed 'till the matter in dispute can be referred to the Bishop, whose decision is final. Pastors will carefully explain this article to their congregations, and see that its provisions are carried out. * * *

Societies cannot be one day with the Church and the next day independent of her. Either as societies they are Catholics, or they are not. If they are Catholics they must do as Catholics societies do—put a priest at their head; if they are not Catholic societies, they should not wonder if they are refused the privileges accorded to Catholic societies.

The following are the conditions on which any society within the diocese will be permitted to enter any church with its regalia on:

1. Their Constitution must be approved either by the Bishop or the Priest.

2. Each society shall place a priest at its head as spiritual Director, and receive from him reasonable direction.

We had intended to make some remarks of our own on this, and the comments we have found in papers that do not believe in God or His authority; but we find an excellent article to our hand in the Cincinnati *Telegraph*, which we copy:

The pastoral of Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, has evoked from the secular press of this State exceedingly fierce but rather harmless denunciation. The tone of their criticism would indicate that there are a large number of people in this country, calling themselves Protestants, who have not the faintest notions of Christianity. To those who lay claim to any Christian faith, there can be nothing very startling or unacceptable in the doctrine, that "God is above man, and religion above the State"—that we are Catholics first and citizens next. The Acts of the Apostles, who preferred to obey God rather than man, must be an unknown portion of sacred literature to the writers, who rave about these expressions as an atrocious aggresion upon the authority of the State. Their strictures can be understood to be sincere only on the hypothesis that they believe that God and religion have no place in the world, except the corner which human power may condescend to give them. Their fault-finding only demonstrates that they have thrown away, through the destructive, eliminating process of Protestantism, all recognition of the presence, power, and authority of God in human affairs. They show that they are animated with the spirit of infidelity, belonging to the most modern type, since they are willing to admit no law that is higher than what is human, created changing and imperfect, and will confess no God but themselves under the name of the State. The wide-spread outcry against this pastoral carries with it, to discerning minds, the conviction that the last sad result of Protestantism, long since predicted, has fallen upon this country like a curse, as well as upon the most deeply Protestantized nations of Europe. That result is the expulsion of religion from society and the restoration of the Pagan States, in which man, in his soul and body, was entirely subject to the civil power. They certainly can not assume to be Christians, in any sense, who combat the doctrinal teaching of this pastoral, They denounced it as Ultramontanism; but, with equal truth and justice, they should denounce it as Christianity, for the drifting of all modern heresy into infidelity makes all the Christianity now in the world and Ultramontanism identical.

Outside the Catholic Church to-day, there is, among Protestants, who yearn for supernatural truth, and who seek despairingly for some trace of it in their human religion, a vague, misty and unshapen belief in something higher than man, which they persuade themselves is Christianity. But the test that proves the absence from their creed of every cardinal doctrine of the religion of Jesus Christ is Protestant objection to the clear, explicit expression of the vital, Christian principle which this pastoral contains, that full, unswerving obedience to the voice of God in all things is the first duty of the creature, and that all opposition to the complete performance of that duty on the part of the State springs from the exercise of the jurisdiction which it has criminally usurped to the detriment of Christian freedom. They who will not unite with Catholics on every question in which this supreme authority of a supernatural God is threatened, are only assisting the bold, avowed atheists of our times, in transforming this nation into a pagan republic. In combating the *Christian* truths, which Catholic Bishops alone have the courage to speak to a dechristianized community, they falsely imagine that they are only opposing the Catholic Church. Their arm of destruction, however, reaches farther. They are directly undermining the State; they are tearing away, by their persistent denial of that justice which Catholics ask in the name of religion, the basis upon which rests the stability of the State. A Christian must hold, that his obligations to God are higher than his obligations to the State; and, when the observance of the latter conflicts with his observance of the former, he must refuse to comply with the demands of civil authority. A Catholic, who *alone* is Christian in principle, can not divorce his religion from his acts as a citizen, for they are always acts of the moral order, of which his religion is the supreme judge. When, therefore, the law of the State conflicts with the law of his religion, he must obey the higher power, or cease to be not only a Catholic, but a Christian in any sense of the word. Any other line of conduct would be practical apostacy—it would be a *protest* against Christ, it would be a return to Gentilism, which Christianity was established to destroy.

This strong, unbroken, logical adhesion of the Catholic Church to the idea of a Christian State, has provoked the present war, which governments are waging against it in Prussia, Italy, and other parts of the world. The representatives of the Catholics will not join the cry which procured the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, "We have no King but Cæsar." Cæsar they will honor and obey, when he does not deny the King of Kings and violate His supernataral kingdom in every Christian soul. When that happens, the Catholic soul asserts its liberty in the language of the pastoral of the Bishop, or as we asserted it years ago, "We are Catholics first, and citizens next," "we are children of the Church before we are members of the State." We are created for a supernatural end, and we obey the State only so far as its rule harmonizes with that purpose of the Creator. This is Christianity; on this Christian stand-point we demand, for our children, religious education, and spurn, as we would any other invention of paganism, the godless system of education which the State offers to Catholic children.

Nor is this demand of Christianity met and answered by the common sophism, that the character and amount of the religion which children receive in the public schools shall be determined by a majority. The kingdom of God, to which religion belongs, does not recognize the rule of majorities. The nature and extent of the religious element in the education of a child is a matter not subject to the interpretation of the State, but must be determined in the court of conscience in the soul of the parent, be he Protestant or Catholic. The sincere Protestant objects to the exclusion of Bible-reading by the secularist, because the rival of Protestant worship would deprive their children of the religious instruction which they conscientiously think they should receive as a portion of their education. And the Catholic, on the very same grounds, objects to the exclusion of Catholic worship from the schools which his child attends. If the legislation of the State is adverse to either party in maintaining this right of consience, they have a *natural* right, that no parchment can take away, to labor for the removal of this religious oppression, that prefers man to God, and places the State before the Church. The *brute* force of votes may vanquish for a time the protest of Christianity against this supremacy of the State, but, as long as the Catholic Church lives, it will never silence it.

The Cloverdale *Bee* gives the annexed: Last week we were reliably informed by a gentleman in Cloverdale, that in case the citizens of that town do not build their contemplated turnpike to the Geysers, Peter Donahue thinks of building a narrow-guage railroad from Cloverdale to Squaw Creek, a distance of about twelve miles. This road, if built, would come within several miles of Kelseyville, would reach quite close to the quicksilver mines, and would not only secure all the travel to the Geysers, but would also tap and take all the Lake county trade and travel by way of Cloverdale. From the fact that Donohue bore a proportion of the expense of the recent survey of the Cloverdale road to the Geysers, it looks as if he meant business. If he would proceed with this project, ti would greatly benefit this country.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

To the Catholics of the Pacific Coast:

AT this time, when we find the country flooded with newspapers and periodicals, laying high claims to respectability and fairness, and which a Catholic, even, could not exclude from his house, without laying himself liable to the charge of bigotry, filled with open attacks upon the Church, or, worse yet, with insinuations and inuendoes; when we find our public and private libraries stored with pretended histories and other writings, assuming to be standard works, in which the motives and actions of the Church are falsified and misrepresented; when it has come to pass that a Catholic must be under the necessity of scrutinizing closely every book or paper he puts in the hands of his children, that their minds may not be poisoned by the base slanders and malicious insinuations so often rung into the fashionable literature of the day; when we find that even those of the secular Press which are most inclined to do justice to our cause, dare not, for fear of losing patronage, raise a voice against the recent acts of high-handed tyranny exercised by European and American Governments, by which holy men of prayer, whose only offense was that their purity of life was a reproach to sin, were banished and their goods confiscated; when we find the children of so many Catholics who have been careless enough to let them roam free over this field of corrupt literature, torn from the bosom of the Church, and lost to her saving influence; when, in short, we can trace most of the evils which affect religion and society to a false education and a false literature, it would be criminal in us, who profess to love our Holy Mother, the Church, above all our earthly possessions, not to recognize the power of the Press, and turn *that* mighty power into an instrument of good.

We do not underrate the exertions of our Prelates and Priests—those holy men who have laid all their worldly ambitions and pleasures upon the Altar for Jesus' sake; but their voices will not reach all that can be reached by the Press. Neither can they take up and discuss to their flocks those topics which are legitimate for newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals, and books. The Press must be auxiliary to the labors of the priesthood. Our Holy Father Pope Pius IX, in 1851, said: "*Providence seems to have given, in our day, a great mission to the Catholic Press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of faith where they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and cold indifference have caused them to be forgotten.*"

Considerations such as these have led to the incorporation of THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY, with a Capital Stock of Twenty Thousand Dollars, divided into Two Thousand Shares of Ten Dollars each, for the purpose of publishing a newspaper at the city of San Francisco, which shall fill the want, felt by all, of a good Family Paper, and which shall be, at all times, an earnest defender of the Church; and for the purpose of printing and publishing such other matters as may be useful to the Church, or as the Company may be employed to do. It is expected that this Stock will be subscribed in small amounts, and the active co-operation of all Catholics is earnestly solicited, both in taking the stock and in extending the circulation of the newspaper and other publications of the Company.

The Company will not publish a paper, the organ of any party or nationality; but while they will claim for it an independence of expression on general subjects, and while they will disclaim all intention of holding the Church responsible for its utterances, and while they would not expect to accomplish the impossible task of pleasing every body, they will try to confine it to topics upon which there shall be no material disagreements among *Catholics*.

It is expected that in a few months, at most, the stock of the Company will be worth fully par, as an investment; but, in its infancy, it is but right that whatever there is of risk shall be borne by the many.

The affairs of the Company will be conducted on strictly business principles, and when there shall be any profits, each stockholder, however small his interest, will receive his full share thereof.

In appealing to the Catholic community to sustain this enterprise, we can think of no language more appropiate than that used by our Holy Father in his Encyclical Letter of 1853:

"*We urgently beseech of you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with Catholic spirit and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring in writing and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic Doctrine.*"

Again, in his letter to the American Prelates, he urges them to "*Leave nothing [illegible] by which our Holy Religion and its salutary teachings may more increase in the United States, and unhappy wanderers may return to the safe path.*"

For the present, we have made arrangements for the publication of THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN once a week. Knowing what concert of action among the many will accomplish, we ask from the Catholic community of the Pacific Coast such assistance as shall give to the enterprise we have inaugurated that measure of success which, in our judgment, it deserves.

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This great master-piece of art was painted by Raphael for the Monastery of St. Sixtus, in the City of Placentia, in the year 1518, and is called, from its original destination, the Madonna di San Sisto.

It represents the Holy Virgin standing in a majestic attitude, the infant Savior enthroned in her arms, and around her head a glory of innumerable cherubs melting into light. Kneeling before her, we see at one side St. Sixtus, on the other, St. Barbara, and beneath her feet two Heavenly cherubs gaze up in adoration. A celebrated connoisseur of art says, "The Madonna di San Sisto, in execution, as well as in design, is probably the most perfect picture in the world."

In the beginning of the last century, the Elector of Saxony, Augustus III, purchased this picture at a cost of 80,000 florins, and it now forms the boast and ornament of the Dresden Gallery.

All new subscribers, upon payment of $5 for the GUARDIAN, or $6 for the GUARDIAN and *Irish World*, will be entitled to this splendid picture. Present subscribers, upon renewing their subscriptions and *paying* for the same, will also be entitled to it. No picture will be delivered until full payment is made of one year's subscription.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE have adopted a system of printed wrappers, upon which each subscriber's account is kept. The date on the wrapper is the time to which he has paid, if a payment is made at all, and if not, then the date of subscription is used. When a payment is sent, the date on the wrapper is changed. If it should not be, the party would confer a favor by notifying us of the mistake. For instance, a person subscribes January 1, 1873, and pays five dollars, then "January 1, '74" will appear on the wrapper; or, if he did not pay at that time, it will be "January 1, '73" until he sends in the amount of the year's subscription, when the figure 4 will take the place of the 3. We hope each one will keep this in mind, so there may be no misunderstanding.

SUBSCRIBERS are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year without further reminder from this office.

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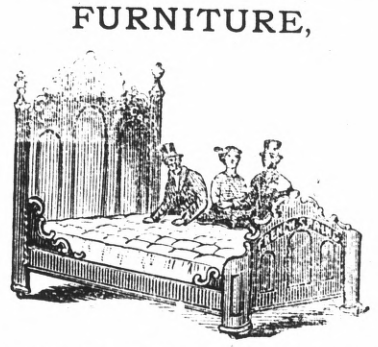

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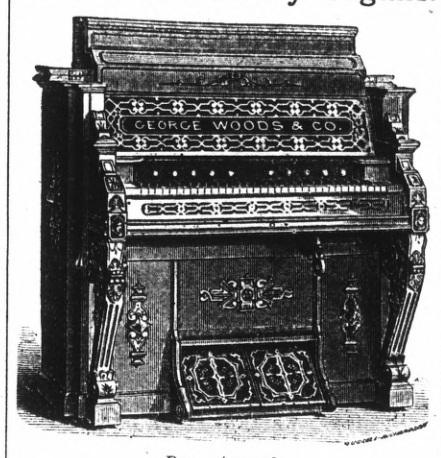

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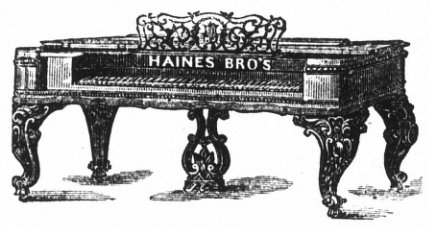

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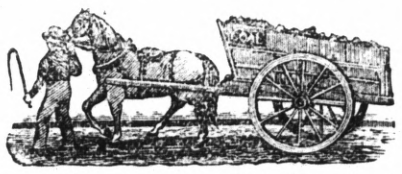

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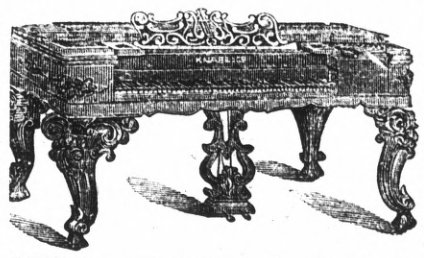

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DR. T. D. JOHNSON respectfully returns his many thanks to the citizens of San Jose and vicinity for their liberal patronage for the last eighteen years during his practice among them. Having again recovered his health, he will continue to practice his profession as before. DR. JOHNSON has practiced Medicine and Surgery in California for nearly twenty-two years, and has had an opportunity to become familiar with the practical treatment of all diseases common to this climate or to the Pacific Coast, and can give satisfaction to all who may require his professional services. Persons residing at a distance can consult DR. JOHNSON by letter, giving, as nearly as possible, the symptoms of the patient, age, sex, temperament and length of time sick. The above duty, on the part of the patient, being correctly performed, the Doctor has no hesitation in saying that he will be able to cure every case that is curable, without a personal interview with the patient. This may be called arrogance, but the assertion is based upon a practical experience of nearly forty years, twelve years of which time was spent in charge of public hospitals.

DR. JOHNSON will devote particular attention to Operative Surgery and the Diseases of Women and Children, including Chronic Diseases of every character. He has, also, had great experience in the treatment of Cancer and all Schirrus diseases, Tumors and Dislocations of long standing, Hydrocele, Veriocele, Hernia, Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Diabetes, Dropsy, etc., etc.

DR. JOHNSON'S surgical operations, since residing on this coast, are too well known to be noticed in this paper; but for the benefit of those who have recently settled in California, he will take the liberty of mentioning a few of the many capital or important operations he has performed: Amputation of the entire lower jaw, for cancer, in San Jose—recovery; amputation of the hip-joint, for gun-shot wound, in San Juan, Monterey County—recovery; amputation twice at the shoulder, for disease of the joint, both in San Jose—recovery; amputation at the knee-joint, for white swelling, in San Jose, with success; setting a dislocated hip-joint of five months' and twenty days' standing, in San Jose, with complete success; adjusting an elbow-joint after it had been dislocated six weeks—patient recovering complete use of arm. DR. JOHNSON has performed the dangerous and complicated operation of trepanning the cranium or skull six times, with success in every case; an excision of ovarian tumor weighing fourteen and three-fourths pounds—operation performed in San Jose, with perfect recovery; amputation of a fibro-cistic tumor, weighing forty-two and one-half pounds, from a woman living near the Almaden mines; three amputations of the female breast, for cancer, two of whom resided in San Jose, the other in Gilroy, Santa Clara County—all recovered; excision of a fibrous tumor, weighing two and one-half ounces, from the throat of a child ten months old—operation performed in San Jose, in the presence of five other physicians, with complete success.

The object of this paper is to inform the public where they may obtain honest and scientific counsel in sickness, and in cases requiring surgical skill.

Among the various vocations of life, there are none involving higher mental endowments, more real responsibilities, and more laborious duties, than the practice of Medicine and Surgery; and yet there is more imposition, dishonesty and ignorance among those claiming to belong to this profession than any other. It is, therefore, with a just appreciation of his mission that DR. JOHNSON has departed somewhat from the usual custom, in his honest desire to do good and alleviate suffering.

T. D. JOHNSON, M. D.

Licentitate of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, and graduate of the University of Louisville, Ky., formerly Resident Physician of Marine Hospital at Galveston, Texas, Physician at Sacramento Hospital in 1852-3, and for four years County Physician for Santa Clara County, at San Jose. mar8-1y

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Commencing Sunday, December 22, 1872, and until further notice, Trains and Boats will leave San Francisco.

7.00 A. M. (Daily)—Atlantic Express Train (via Oakland) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding and Portland (O.) Colfax, Reno, Ogden and Omaha.

7.15 A. M. (Daily)—Cal. P. R. R. Steamer (from Broadway Wharf) — Connecting, at Vallejo, with Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacramento; making close connection at Napa with Stages for Sonoma.

2.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—S. F. & N. P. R. R. Steamer (from Broadway Wharf)—Connecting at Donahue with Trains for Cloverdale; making close connection at Lakeville with stages for Sonoma.

2.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Stockton Steamer (from Broadway Wharf)—Touching at Vallejo, Benicia and Landings on the San Joaquin River.

3.00 P. M. (Daily)—San Jose Passenger Train, (via Oakland) stopping at all Way Stations.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Passenger Train (via Oakland) for Lathrop, Merced, Visalia, Tipton and Los Angeles, Stockton and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Cal. P. R. R. Steamer (from Broadway Wharf)—Connecting at Vallejo with Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacramento.

4.00 P.M. (Sundays excepted)—Sacramento Steamer (from Broadway Wharf)—Touching at Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.

5.15 P. M (Daily)—Overland Emigrant Train (via Oakland)—Through Freight and Accommodation.

OAKLAND BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—7:00, 8:10, 9:20, 10:10 and 11:20 A.M.; 12:10, 1:50, 3:00, 4:00, 5:15, 6:30, 8:15, 9:20 and *11:30 P.M. (9:20, 11:20 and 3:00, to Oakland only.)

LEAVE BROOKLYN (For San Francisco)—*5:30, 6:40, 7:50, 9:00 and 11:00 A.M.; 1:30, 2:40, 4:55, 6:10, 7:55 and 10:10 P.M.

LEAVE OAKLAND—*5:40, 6:50, 8:00, 9:10, 10,00 and 11:10 A.M.; 12:00, 1:40, 2:50, 3:50, 5:05, 6:20, 8:05 and 10:20 P.M.

ALAMEDA BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.—7:20, 9:00 and 11:15 A.M.; 1:30, 4:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P.M. (7:20, 11:15 and 5:30 to Fruit Vale only.)

LEAVE HAYWARDS (For San Francisco)—4:30, 7:00 and 10:45 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.

LEAVE FRUIT VALE.—*5:25, 7:35, 9:00 and 11:20 A.M. 1:30, 4:05 and 5:30 P.M.

*Except Sundays.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass'gr and Ticket Ag't. A. N. TOWNE, Gen'l Sup't.

Southern Pacific Railroad.

Time Schedule—Commencing Sept. 15th, 1872.

TRAINS SOUTH.	Through Trains.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.
Leave—			
San Francisco	8:40 A M	*3:20 P M	†4:40 P M
San Jose....Arrive	11:10 A M	5:42 P M	7:00 P M
Gilroy .....Arrive	12:30 P M	.....	.....
Pajaro .....Arrive	2:20 P M	.....	.....
Castroville...Arrive	3:05 P M	.....	.....
Salinas .....Arrive	3:45 P M	.....	.....
Hollister ....Arrive	2:40 P M	.....	.....

TRAINS NORTH.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.	Through Trains.
Leave—			
Hollister	.....	.....	11:05 A M
Salinas	.....	.....	10:00 A M
Castroville	.....	.....	10:40 A M
Pajaro	.....	.....	11:30 A M
Gilroy	.....	.....	1:10 P M
San Jose	†6:50 A M	7:45 A M	2:31 P M
San Francisco Arrive	9:10 A M	10:10 A M	5:10 P M

*SATURDAYS 2:30 P. M. †SUNDAYS excepted.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

THROUGH TRAINS leave San Francisco at 4:15 A. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 4:25 P. M.

Trains for San Jose and Way Stations leave San Francisco at 1:00 P. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 11:30 A. M.

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